THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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ENGLAND'S CRIME

Against Ireland and Humanity—British Statesmen Quoted by Judge Morrison in Condemnation of Their Own Country.

Appalling Total of Famine Deaths in India—They are Stated by Julian Hawthorne, American Correspondent, to Have Reached 15,000,000 Within a Few Years.

It will be noticed that every citation I have made in these letters has been taken from English writers and speakers, even Lister's descriptions are made from British sources. But having heard the opinions of bishops and ministers of "the church by law established," let us call some of Victoria's cabinet ministers, past and present, to the witness stand, and first we present Judas Chamberlain:

"Never before in our history," says he, "were wealth and the evidences of wealth more abundant; never before was luxurious living so general and so wanton in its display, and never before was the misery of the poor more intense, or the condition of their daily life more hopeless or degraded. England has a million of paupers, and millions more are on the verge of pauperism. The class of agricultural laborers of this country are never able to do more than make both ends meet, and have to look forward in times of illness or on the approach of old age, to the workhouse as the one inevitable refuge against starvation. The ordinary conditions of life among the large proportion of the population are such that common decency is absolutely impossible; and all this goes on in sight of the mansions of the rich."

John Morley says: "It is an awful fact—it is really not short of awful—that in this country (Great Britain) with all its wealth, all its vast resources, all its power, 45 per cent.—that is to say nearly one-half—of the persons who reach the age of 60 are or have been paupers. I say it is a most tremendous fact, and I cannot conceive any subject more worthy of the attention of the legislature, more worthy of the attention of all."

John Bright left this hideous picture of woe behind him: "Nearly one-third of the whole people dwell in homes of only one room; and more than two-thirds of the people of Scotland dwell in homes of not more than two rooms. We find poverty and misery. What does it mean? It means more than I can describe and more than I will attempt to describe; and as need begets need, so poverty and misery beget poverty and misery. In fact, in looking at the past, to me it is a melancholy thing to look at, there is much of it which excites in me not astonishment, but horror. The fact is, there passes before my eyes a vision of millions of families—not individuals, but families—fathers, mothers and children—passing, ghastly, sorrow-stricken, in never-ending procession from their cradles to their graves."

And now come the philosophers to add their testimony to the long list of woe and desolation in merrie England in the golden age of Victoria the Good. John Ruskin comes first: "Though England is deafened with spinning wheels, her people have not clothes: though she is black with the digging of fuel, they die of cold; and though she has sold her soul for grain, they die of hunger."

Next Carlyle speaks: "British industrial existence seems fast becoming one huge poison swamp of reeking pestilence—physical and moral—a hideous living Golgotha of souls and bodies buried alive. Thirty thousand outcast needlewomen working themselves swiftly to death. Three million paupers rotting in forced idleness: and these are but items in the sad ledger of despair."

Then Prof. Huxley exclaims: "A population whose labor is insufficiently remunerated must become physically and morally unhealthy and socially unstable; and though it may succeed for a while in industrial competition, by reason of the cheapness of its produce, it must in the end fail, through hideous misery and degradation, to utter ruin."

I close the list with Mr. Bennett Burleigh: "There is no gainsaying the existence, rich and potent as the British Empire is, of widespread privation among the working classes of Great Britain. This distress has now become a constant, an aggravated quantity. Men, women and children by hundreds of thousands, miserably half-clad, have to face the chill English winter, hibernating as best they can in dark, frowzy abodes, from which they emerge but to plead for bread."

I will now allow one American, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, to give a brief but absolutely appalling description of his experience in India, from which he has just returned: "Famine has killed more than the plague. It is all over India. You cannot put a finger on any part of India south of Bombay without finding famine, but the Bundelkund country (about the middle of India) is the worst. To gain a fair idea of the area throughout which famine is spread one should draw on a map of the United States a line from the western coast of Florida up through Alabama, the northern corner of Mississippi, touching Tennessee, the northeastern part of Arkansas and including nearly all of Missouri and Iowa. All of the United States east of that line is about equivalent in area to the famine stricken country. No matter what happens, the immediate future of these people is awful. If the the semi-annual rainstorm this month is a good one the crops will grow, and in time the people will be relieved. But the prognostication is that it will fail. In that case the prospect is very bad, indeed. The people, already weakened by starvation, could not survive. Even if there is plenty of rain, they have no bullocks, no tools, no household utensils and many of them no land. In the last famine, in 1878, 6,500,000 persons died; but this one is more widespread. I have made a most careful estimate, and I find that already 8,500,000 have died of famine and of disease due to famine. I know that these figures will be strenuously denied by many of the government officials, but I am quite convinced of their accuracy."

Gracious God, think of it, 15,000,000 of Victoria's wretched subjects starved to death in less than twenty years, while she was hoarding up her countless millions which were wrung from their sweat and blood. What has she done to alleviate these unheard of sufferings? Nothing—absolutely nothing. What does she care for the cries of the houseless pauper of England or the perishing millions of Hindostan. Nothing, absolutely nothing. She clings to her blood-stained wealth with as miserly tenacity as if she could carry it with her to the grave. What Byron says in the Irish Avatar to the Irish when "the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George" visited them, may well be applied to the English helots of today as they, in their squalor and rags, rend the heavens with their slavish yells, "when an hour's saturnalia hath lossened their chains":

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
Were she God—as she is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on her brow,
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

A. L. MORRISON.

LADIES' CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

The Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association has been in convention in this city during the week, and Steinway hall has been crowded with hundreds of fair delegates. One of the principal matters under consideration was the amendment of the constitution, and this consumed considerable time. On Wednesday evening, a reception to the visiting delegates was given at the Columbia theatre by the members of the Chicago branches. About 2,000 people attended, and it was a particularly brilliant affair. Mayor Harrison delivered the address of welcome, and there were also addresses by Supreme President Mrs. E. B. McGowan, W. J. Hynes, Miss M. Vaughan, Hon. R. S. Tuthill, Senator Mahoney and Col. Marcus Kavanaugh. The vocal part of the programme was pleasingly rendered by Miss Frances Graham, Miss Timmins, Mrs. D. H. Sullivan, John P. McGrath, Signor Tomaso and the Schuman Lady Quartette.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 11, A. O. H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of Div. 11, learn with regret of the severe loss sustained by our worthy brother, James W. Fitzsimmons, in the death of his beloved wife; and,

WHEREAS, Brother Fitzsimmons has endeared himself to us by his earnest work and sincere interest in the cause of our noble Order, as well as by his kindly sympathy and ready aid when others are in distress; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Div. 11 tender their deep and heartfelt condolence to our brother in his hour of affliction, and sincerely pray that the Father of the suffering will enable him to bear his sad burden with patience and resignation.

DANIEL KIRBY,
H. J. BRADSHAW,
M. E. LYNCH,
Committee.

WHEREAS, We, the members of Div. 11, learn with regret of the severe loss sustained by our worthy brother, Christopher Coughlin, in the death of his beloved wife, and,

WHEREAS, Brother Coughlin has endeared himself to us by his earnest work and sincere interest in the cause of our noble Order, as well as by his kindly sympathy and ready aid when others are in distress; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Div. 11, tender our deep and heartfelt condolence to our brother in his hour of affliction, and sincerely pray that the Father of the suffering will enable him to bear his sad burden with patience and resignation; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE CHICAGO CITIZEN and New World, spread upon the minutes of this meeting and a copy be sent to our respected brothers.

DANIEL KIRBY,
H. J. BRADSHAW,
M. E. LYNCH,
Committee.

THE CELTIC MUSE.

O'Neill Russell Gives a Pleasant Account of the Gaelic Musical and Literary Festival Held Recently In the Irish Capital.

The Daughters of the Irish Aristocracy, He Says, Take More Interest In the Preservation of the Gaelic Tongue Than Those of the Peasantry—Promise of Good Crops.

DUBLIN, July 2, 1897.—You have, no doubt, all heard in America of our great Feisceoil, or musical festival that came off recently. It was the first thing of the kind that was ever attempted in Ireland. It was a magnificent success in every way but one; it not only did not pay, but left us in debt to the tune of $900. But it must be remembered that the initial expenses of getting up such a great thing were very heavy, and had been going on for over two years before the entertainment took place. It must also be remembered that there were over $1,000 given in prizes out of the proceeds of the entertainment, so that it can hardly be said that it did not pay. It is generally thought that the debts contracted will be easily paid, either by calling on the guarantors who guaranteed about $2,000, or by holding concerts during the winter. To give an idea of what noble, generous souls there are even yet in Ireland, one gentleman, named Geoghegan, has advanced the committee of the Feisceoil $1,200, to be paid back at any time that it can be paid. He will not lose a cent of it, for there is not a man on the committee that would not pawn his very underclothing rather than have Mr. Geoghegan suffer by his magnificent generosity.

It is not yet decided where the next Feisceoil will be held, whether in Dublin, Belfast or Cork. It was established on the lines of the Welsh Esteddfodd, which is held every year in a different locality in order to give it a more thoroughly national character. The Welsh sent over two representatives, one of them, a Mr. Thomas, was one of the nicest and most cultured men I ever met. He is the high priest, or arch druid, of the Esteddfodd, and right royally was he entertained by the Irish. The Highland Scotch were invited, but they did not respond to the invitation, strange to say. The Feisceoil lasted for four days. The vocal and instrumental competitions took place in the day time, in different small halls throughout the city, and the concerts took place in the evening in Earlsfort Terrace, the great hall that holds over 2,000 persons. It was full almost every night of the four. While it has to be admitted that the public, on the whole, were well pleased, it has also to be admitted that there were many complaints about the non-Irish character of some of the pieces given. There was a cantata founded on the beautiful tale of Deirdre, and there was an overture and an anthem. Such a class of music is, I am very glad to say, thoroughly un-Irish. The ancient Irish, who, according to the greatest enemy they ever had, Geraldus Cambrensis, "excelled infinitely all other nations"—these are his words—in musical art, had the good taste to see that when music ceased to be lyric it became simply variegated noise. That is just what the cantata of "Deirdre" was, and its composer, Signor Esposito, an Italian, got $150 for it, because it won the prize.

The great fault of the entertainment was that there were so few ancient Irish airs performed. I can think of only two, the "Cuach," or "Cuckoo," and the "Fainne Geal an Lae," both were sung in Irish, the first by Miss Rose Byrne and the latter by Mrs. Scott Fennell, and both were magnificently rendered. There was also a Gul, or Caoine, with Irish words, chanted, or sung, by over a hundred voices. It was magnificent, and was so praised that it had to be given on a second evening. But thanks to some members of the committee, the Irish language was not forgotten. There were three prizes for the best singing in Irish. There were over twenty songs sung in Irish. The first prize was won by Miss Barrington for singing Dr. Annie Patterson's song, the "Fuiseog," or "Skylark," with the Irish words, of which many in Chicago and elsewhere in America are familiar, for they have been published in many Irish-American journals. I had a "high old time" for six weeks before the Feisceoil teaching a dozen young ladies the Irish words of the songs they selected to sing in Irish. It is curious that in every instance but one it was women that went in for singing in Irish, and it is still more curious that in every instance it was young women of the upper classes that sang in Irish. This is very remarkable, for it shows that however the Irish language may be fading away among the class generally known as peasantry, it is attracting the attention of the cultured and refined in a way it has never done before. Hardly one, in fact not one, of the dozen or over whom I taught to pronounce the words of Irish songs but ranked as a lady, and some of them ranked very high. If the prizes offered for singing in Irish were high, one could hardly wonder at ladies of rank going in for it, but, in truth, as the prizes were ridiculously small, much, I hink, to the discredit of those to whom the arranging of prizes was left.

When speaking of the Feisceoil the Oireachtas, or gathering of the Gaelic League, must not be forgotten. It was held the evening before the Feisceoil, and was a great success. Dr. Douglas Hyde presided. He made a neat speech in Irish; but the great attraction of the Oireachtas was the singing of an Irish song, "Go mairidh ar n-Gaedhilig slan," set to music by Dr. Annie Patterson. It was sung by over thirty trained vocalists, but Miss Rose Byrne, one of the greatest sopranos living, was the prima donna; but the greatest vocallist living could not make bad music enjoyable, and the air that Dr. Patterson has put to that Irish song is one of the very finest she ever composed. It was a Scotch-English lady, a Miss Borthwick, that won the £5 prize given by the Oireachtas for the best prose composition in Irish. I know the lady. She has acquired a wonderful mastery over the Irish language. She was born in London and lives there.

In speaking of musical matters it may be interesting to readers of THE CITIZEN to know how the Feisceoil originated. I suppose I may put myself down as the far-back originator of it. It was some articles I wrote in the Evening Telegraph in September, 1894, that started the idea, but if it had not been for Dr. Annie Patterson my articles would have fallen dead from the press. I might have been writing from July to eternity on the beauties of Celtic music and not one of the Dublin musicians that have now brought themselves into notoriety by the Feisceoil, would have taken the slightest notice of what I said about the beauty of our music, but Dr. Patterson at once seized on the idea, called a meeting at her own house, and thus was the Feisceoil inaugurated. She, unfortunately, for some reason, withdrew from the active management of it many months ago, and it has fallen into the hands of musicians, very few of whom, I am sorry to say, seem to have much love for Irish music, or anything Irish. It has to be admitted that Dr. Patterson's forte does not seem to be in organization, but as a composer of lyric music on the ancient Celtic model; she stands, so far as it is known, unequalled by any living composer. Her book of six Gaelic and English songs, lately published by Boosey & Co., of London and New York, has had a large sale, and has attracted much attention. They can, no doubt, be had in Chicago. Some of them have been pronounced as among the greatest lyric compositions of the century. It is to be hoped that the Irish in America will patronize them as they deserve.

The weather here is very fine, and the crops of almost all kinds are looking splendid. The spring was one of the wetest ever remembered, but latterly the weather has been moist and warm, and everything looks very good so far. All will be well if the rain stays away, and finer crops were never seen in Ireland than will be seen this year if the present fine weather continues.

T. O. R.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS F. O'BRIEN.

The numerous friends in this city and throughout the West of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Brien, of 5015 Princeton avenue, will be deeply grieved to learn of the death of their youngest son, Thomas F. O'Brien, which occurred at the family residence, July 8. The young man was in his 20th year, and his death resulted from a spinal malady superinduced by a fall received when a mere boy. He had received an excellent education, and was possessed of an intellectuality of a high order; all of which gave promise of a brilliant future. His talents, amiability and other sterling manly qualities endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and the sad bereavement of his parents, brothers and sisters is shared by neighbors and friends alike.

The funeral ceremonies were held on Saturday morning, July 10, at St. Ann's church, where requiem high mass was offered up for the repose of his soul by the Rev. Father Reynolds, who also delivered an eloquent eulogy on the exemplary life of the decedent, and comforted the bereaved parents and family by saying that he had gone to a happier life where all would be reunited in God's good time. The pallbearers were selected from among the young man's companions in life. The funeral cortege was one of the largest ever seen in the Town of Lake. The interment was in the family lot in Calvary. J. E.

SCOTLAND'S DAY.

Scotland's Day, next Saturday, July 31, at Burlington Park, is expected to attract one of the largest crowds that ever left the city to attend a picnic. One of the chief reasons, no doubt, is because of the great interest surrounding the big football match between picked teams from the Gaelic Athletic Association and the Thistle Football club. There will be a magnificent programme of sports, games, Irish and Scotch dancing, fancy drill by cadet companies of the city, tug-of-war by the champions of America and all other out-door amusements usually seen at a Caledonian gathering.

Sarsfield Council, I. N. A.

The next regular monthly meeting of the Sarsfield council, of the Irish National Alliance, will be held next Thursday evening, July 29, in Congress hall, Congress and Honore streets. All Irishmen who believe in the sovereign independence of Ireland are invited to attend.

P. T. MCGOVERN, Sec.

RE-AFFORESTING IRELAND.

An Interesting Meeting Held in Dublin at Which the Question Is Wisely Considered—Increase in Irish Forest Lands Since the Time of the Famine.

Capt. Connor, An Expert, Says That Ireland Ought to Have 3,000,000 Acres of Forest, Without Encroaching On Agricultural Lands—What Wealth Timber Would Create.

At a meeting of the Irish Industrial League held June 28, at the Central Lecture hall, Westmoreland street, Dublin, Capt. Connor read an interesting paper on "The Reafforesting of Ireland." Mr. Charles Dawson presided, and there were also present: Messrs. H. E. Brown, W. Cotter, J. J. A. Tighe, J. Mooney, T. Haslam, Father O'Brien, John Lenehan, P. L. G.; M. Conway and others.

In the course of his remarks the lecturer said forests were of direct and indirect benefit to a country. They were of direct utility in many ways, such as the value of the wood and the many uses it might be turned to. From computations made it had been found that growing trees were of more value than investing in consols. In Ireland at the time of the famine there were only between fifty and sixty thousand acres of land covered by trees—at present there were 330,000 acres—and he was of opinion that the scarcity of trees brought on the disease of the potato of 1845, through absence of ozone and bud life which permitted parasites to increase and attack a vegetable like the potato debilitated by bad seed on excessively wet soil (hear, hear). Ireland was in ancient times remarkable for its growth of trees, and he might mention that the letters of the Irish alphabet were named after trees. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth [illegible] advised to have all the woodlands in Ireland destroyed, and to ship the timber to England for fuel, especially for glass manufacturing purposes. They all knew that Westminster Abbey was roofed with Irish oak. The average annual value of timber and products of forests imported into Great Britain and Ireland from 1883 to 1887 was £23,000,000 annually. If the forest area of this country was increased by three million acres during the next twenty years it would be necessary to plant annually some 150,000 acres, which would employ 7,500 laborers.

In conclusion he said forests supplied timber, fuel and other forest produce. They offered a conveniet opportunity for the investment of capital and for enterprise. They produced a demand for labor in their management and working, as well as in a variety of industries which depended on forests for their raw material. They regulated the water supply, ensured a more sustained feeding of springs, tended to reduce violent floods, and rendered the flow of the water of rivers more continuous. What a vista this opened up in Ireland for industrial enterprise (hear, hear). They increased the artistic beauty of a country. As the imports of woods of various kinds and other forest produce into Great Britain and Ireland were very great, and as it was doubtful whether sufficient supplies could be permanently obtained from other countries, the extension of the forest area could be strongly recommended, provided it was carried out on surplus lands. The additional woodlands might be reasonably expected to yield fair returns on the invested capital, as the work of creation and administration of the forests was done in an economic manner. The surplus area was so great that extensive areas could be set aside for forests without trenching on the land required for crops or pasturage. It would be seen then that a fair field for judicious enterprise existed in the extension of the woodlands in Ireland on areas which did not yield a fair return if cultivated with field crops (applause).

The chairman said they owed a deep debt of gratitude to Capt. Connor for his excellent paper. There was nothing more important for the material prosperity of Ireland and more practical that could possibly be introduced than this (hear, hear). He had the pleasure of serving on a committee of inquiry into the industries of Ireland in 1882, and before that committee they had the most illustrious man in Ireland, Prof. Sullivan, President of the Queen's College, giving evidence, and Dr. Sullivan stated that when he was a very young man—thirty years before—he recommended the government of this country to commence the reafforesting of Ireland, and he stated then as a great scientist that if that had been done by the government of the country, Ireland would be £30,000,000 richer on the day he gave his evidence than it was (applause). Conservator Howitzz, of Denmark, who had gone through Ireland to learn much more about the country than the English officials happened to know, quoting in reference to the foresting of Landes, a certain part of France, said: "This is one of the most beautiful pages in the history of civilization in a region which thirty years ago was the poorest and most miserable in France, but which may now be ranked among the wealthy and prosperous" (hear, hear).

He said there was a great field for promoting cottage industries in Ireland dependent upon wood. It was really a pity that the government and the press of Ireland did not take up the matter more forcibly (hear, hear). The English government were sending pupils over to Nancy for the purpose of learning forestery to prepare for the forest service in the reafforestation of India. Why did they not send pupils from Ireland out to Nancy to learn forrestry so that Ireland might be reafforested? (Hear, hear). When he was Lord Mayor a large number of young trees were sent to him to the Mansion house, which he handed over to Cardinal (then Dr.) Logue, who had them planted in the neighborhood of Letterkenny. He (Mr. Dawson) saw them some years after, growing on the side of a mountain, where 75 per cent. of them had flourished (hear, hear). The toys bought in Grafton street came from the Black Forest. He believed that little good would be done by English members or commissions in the house of commons. But there was a mention now of a new bill—and it was the only ray of light and hope he had seen for a long time—that there would be county government and local government spread throughout Ireland (hear, hear). It was only by local government, possessed of local facts and knowing local resources, that any good would ever come to this country, or that they could hope with any degree of success to have this industry of reafforesting of Ireland properly developed. He hoped if they could get a chance of developing these resources of the country they would develop them, and one of them would be the reafforesting of Ireland (applause).

Dr. Roche proposed, and Father O'Brien seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

Mr. Cotter, in supporting the motion, suggested that they should form a popular Reafforesting Association emanating from their body.

The chairman thought it would be a very excellent thing to propose such an organization. He suggested to Mr. Cotter to bring the matter forward as a notice of motion.

This was agreed to, and the vote of thanks was adopted.

Mr. Cotter proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Dawson for presiding.

Mr. John Lenehan, P. L. G., in seconding the motion, said depriving a country of its forests was like depriving a man of his hair. He believed that depriving a man of his hair was depriving him of his health (laughter).

The vote of thanks was adopted, and the proceedings terminated.

"I Was Run Down by overwork and troubles that I had had for years. From the first dose of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt better, and as I continued its use my weakness left me."—Mrs. Anna Schmidt, 81 Rees street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic.

A Good Story of Blaine.

A good story of James G. Blaine is told by a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The incident related was a magnanimous and clever act of the Maine statesmen, when as Speaker of the House he got through a resolution appropriating $12,000 to the needy widowed daughter of President Zachary Taylor. She had reached Washington on her way to Paris to see a sick daughter, and being destitute of money, appealed to her only friend at the capital, Gen. Sherman. His purse was always open to the distressed, but he had no funds at all adequate to relieve her necessities. In his emergency he thought of Blaine. The man from Maine entered into the spirit of the occasion as soon as he heard Gen. Sherman's statement. He called another to the chair, made a five minutes' speech that fairly electrified the House, which passed the resolution which Blaine had penned only a moment before. He took the resolution in person to the Senate, where it was also immediately passed, had the President to sign it the next day, and the following day the beneficiary got the money. Gen. Sherman always insisted that Blaine would have made the grandest actor that ever lived, and in adapting his career to politics he robbed the stage of a born star.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON.
Notary Public.

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HOUSE IN A HURRY

Adopts the Conference Report on the Tariff Bill.

IN THE WEE SMA' HOURS OF MORN.

Stays Up Till 12:15 a. m. to Do the Job—Dingley's Bill Probably Holds the Record for Speed in All Stages—Quick Work Finishing Up the Conference Report and Getting It Through the Full Committee—Summary of the Debate in Reed's Chamber of Hustlers.

Washington, July 20.—The tariff bill was pushed through the conference stage yesterday after two hours' discussion before the full conference committee—Democrats and Republicans—held in the senate finance committee room yesterday morning. At the outset the Democratic conferrees asked until this morning to go over the report, saying this course was preferable to going over it with the Republicans. To test this question Vest moved an adjournment until today, which was defeated by a strict party vote. The Democratic conferrees then offered amendments to the report, but were met with the statement that it would merely consume time to urge amendments, as they would be rejected Representative Wheeler offered amendments placing cotton bagging and cotton ties on the free list; also a substitute proposition for rebates on these articles. These and other amendments were withdrawn, however, as there was no prospect of favorable action on them. Shortly before noon Dingley moved that the report be submitted to the two houses. This prevailed by a party vote, and the meeting adjourned. There was little clash during the discussion, and the Democratic members of the conference contented themselves with a protest against the report and the manner of agreeing to it.

Bill Reported to the House.

Washington, July 20.—The floor of the house presented an animated appearance yesterday before the speaker rapped that body to order. Members stood about in groups and discussed, sometimes in excited tones, the result of the conference agreement on the tariff bill. The final conference report on the general deficiency appropriation bill was adopted. This out of the way Dingley arose. Holding aloft the report and a great mass of papers he said in calm tones: "Mr. Speaker, I desire to present the conference report on the tariff bill." Salvos of applause from the Republican side greated this anouncement. An effort was made to secure an agreement for a vote. Bailey said the minority desired three days, but knowing they could not obtain them, would be satisfied with two. Dingley refused to agree to this, saying "talk at this time is very expensive. It costs the treasury $100,000 a day."

Dingley Explains the Measure.

There was a great deal of talk back and forth about the sugar trust, and the effort to reach an agreement failed Then Dingley began his speech, taking up each schedule and explaining the changes and the amount of revenue to be obtained by the bill. The elimination of the stamp tax, he explained, was because it would be almost impossible to collect it; no record was kept of the sales on the stock exchange. Referring to the sugar schedule, after a calculation, he affirmed that the refiner of sugar under the present Wilson law had a differential of 22½ cents per 100 pounds against 13⅛ cents in the pending bill as agreed to by the conferrees. He also felt compelled by the questions rained upon him to explain that it was impossible to prevent profits on products included in a tariff bill.

The Question of Differential.

Wheeler opened the debate for the Democrats, criticising the bill as the most burdensome ever imposed on the American people. Swanson devoted his attention to assailing the sugar schedule agreed upon by the conferrees. He asserted that the proposed schedule gave sugar double the protection received under the present law. He figured out that the senate and house sugar chedules were exactly the same, wherein he differs with the experts of the treasury depart, who, taking 107.47 pounds of raw sugar testing 96 degrees as required to make 100 of hard refined, make public a statement estimating the sugar differential as follows: Act of 1894, 19.82 cents; house schedule, 12.33 cents; senate schedule, 19.83 cents; conference schedule, 13.92 cents—per 100 pounds.

SENSATION IN THE DEBATE.

Bailey Charges McMillin with Voting Against Free Wool.

The debate ran along until late in the afternoon and the speeches ran along also. During the night session, just before the close of Bailey's remarks the most sensational incident of the debate occurred. He had been assailing the doctrine of free raw materials as a comparative innovation in the Democratic creed. In order to demonstrate that it was a product of Clevelandism he sent to the clerk's desk and had read an extract from a newspaper commenting on the fact that in the Forty-ninth congress Mills, then a member of the house, McMillin of Tennessee and two other Democratic members of the ways and means committee had voted against free wool. McMillin jumped to his feet and demanded to know whether it was charged that he had voted against free wool.

"William F. Morrison told me so with his own lips," replied Bailey, facing McMillin, whose face was flushed. "Not only that, but he said both you and Senator Mills voted against some reductions in the metal schedule."

"Since the gentleman has seen fit to attack my record and to misrepresent me"—began McMillin, but Bailey quickly disclaimed any purpose of attacking him. "I desire to commend your action then," said he. The disclaimer being accepted McMillin hotly asked in turn why Bailey had voted in the ways and means committee against the woolen schedule of the present law, when it was offered as a substitute for the high rates in the pending measure. A wave of applause rang over the Democratic side at this question, but it was drowned in a perfect storm of approval that greeted Bailey's reply that never as long as he was in congress would he vote for 50 per cent. duties on woolen goods and no duties on raw wools. The Republicans and the galleries joined in this demonstration.

"How could the gentleman from Tennessee," he continued, when the applause subsided, "vote for free wool in the face of the Chicago platform which he helped to defend?"

"The Chicago platform did not take the back track on the principle of tariff for revenue only," replied McMillin.

"I'll prove that it did," cried Bailey. "Is Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana, in the house?" he asked looking about him. But Robertson was not present and Bailey proceeded to argue that the Chicago platform did return to the "old Democratic theory." When he repudiated "the Cleveland heresy" and announced the doctrine that "all taxes should be laid for revenue" the Democrats in sympathy with him cheered lustily. Bailey spoke for about two hours and a half. His peroration was enthusiastically greeted and he was warmly congratulated.

McMillin in turn delved into Bailey's past and pointed out occasions when the Lone Star statesman had voted for free coal, free barbed wire, free sugar and even free wool in th Fifty-second congress. McMillin's comment on the inconsistency of Bailey's free wool vote caused much merriment. In conclusion he appealed to the Democracy to go into the battle again with its banners bearing the old mottoes.

Dingley concluded the debate for the Republicans. Referring to the trusts he said they could not be eradicated by epithets. "The way to break down the trusts," he cried, "is to establish a beet sugar factory in every congressional district in the country and make competition. That is the way to clip the wings of the trust." [Loud and long Republican applause.] He then demanded the previous question on the adoption of the report and the demand was sustaind. The yeas and nays were then called, resulting—yeas, 185; nays, 118. The result was cheered and the house took recess to tomorrow.

ANALYSIS OF THE TARIFF VOTE.

Galleries Crowded During the Struggle and Many Noted People Present.

Washington July 20.—In the final debate on the tariff bill in the house ten Democratic and one Populist speeches were made, Wheeler of Alabama, Swanson of Virginia, Ball of Texas, Lanham of Tekas, Kelly of North Dakota, Fleming of Georgia, Handy of Delaware, McDowell, of Ohio, Berry of Kentucky, Bailey of Texas and McMillin of Tennessee being the speakers. The galleries were crowded up to the time the vote was taken, many distinguished people being present. Among them were a number of senators, several members of hte cabinet and a few members of the diplomatic corps. Every Republican in the house who was present voted for the report. The Democrats with five exceptions voted against the report. The exceptions were Slayden of Texas, Broussard, of Louisiana, Meyer of Louisiana, Davey of Louisiana, and Kleberg of Texas.

The Populists and silverites did not vote solidly. Shafroth of Colorado and Newlands of Nevada, silverites, abstained from voting. Hartman, silverite, of Montana, did not vote. The Populists who voted against the report were as follows: Baker, Barlow, Botkin, Fowler, Jett, Lewis, Marshall, Martin, Peters, Simpson, Stroud and Vincent. Four did not vote—Howard, Kelly, Stark and Southerland. The other Populists were absent. An analysis of the vote shows that 190 Republicans and five Democrats voted for the report and 106 Democrats and twelve Populists against it.

RETALIATORY CLAUSE OF THE BILL

Contained in the Provision Intended to Secure Reciprocity.

Washington, July 20.—The reciprocity section of the tariff bill has a retaliatory clause, which empowers the president to suspend by proclamation the provisions of this act providing for the free introduction of coffee, tea, Tonquin or tanka beans, and vanilla beans, coming from any country which imposes duties upon products of the United States he may deem to be reciprocally unequal and unreasonable. The rates which he is thus empowered to fix are: On coffee, 3 cents per pound; tea, 10 cents per pound; tanka beans, 50 cents per pound; vanilla beans, $2 per pound; on cuts, $1. The president is required to act within two years in securing reciprocal trade treaties and they are to be submitted to the senate for its ratification. Articles are to be reduced to the extent of 20 per cent. in these treaties and the president is specifically authorized to enter into negotiations which will place certain articles upon the free list for a specified period of five years.

Proceedings in the Senate.

Washington, July 20.—The day in the senate was principally devoted to a discussion of Harris' resolution relating to the Union Pacific railroad. Morgan concluded his remarks in favor of the resolution and Stewart spoke in opposition to it. Thurston was speaking in opposition when at 5 o'clock p. m. the senate went into executive session and shortly thereafter adjourned.

The conference report on the tariff bill was adopted by the house shortly after midnight by a vote of 185 to 118 and at noon today the report will go to the senate for action there. This eclipses all previous records. The result was accomplished after twelve hours of continuous debate. But two speeches were made by the Republicans, one by Dingley and one by Payne of New York.

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, July 20.—League base ball scores yesterday were: At Louisville—Washington 2, Louisville 6; at Cincinnati—Boston 9, Cincinnati 3; at Cleveland—Baltimore 7, Cleveland 1; at Chicago—Philadelphia 6, Chicago 7; at St. Louis—New York 11, St. Louis 6.

Western League: At Minneapolis—Columbus 11, Minneapolis 8; at Milwaukee—Indianapolis 9, Milwaukee 6; at St. Paul—Detroit 9, St. Paul 7; at Kansas City—Wet grounds.

Western Association: At Dubuque—St. Joseph 3, Dubuque 7; at Peoria—Burlington 1, Peoria 6.

Big Watermelon for McKinley.

Atlanta, July 20.—The largest watermelon grown in the south this season was shipped here yesterday for Washington, to President McKinley at the White House. The melon weighed seventy-eight pounds.

Senator Harris' Successor Appointed.

Memphis, July 20.—A dispatch from Johnson City to the Commercial-Appeal says Governor Taylor has appointed Thomas B. Turley, of Memphis, United States senator to succeed the late Senator Harris.

MAY DEMONETIZE GOLD

Enormous Gold Output of the Klondyke Country.

PRODUCT WILL REACH $15,000,000

Before the Coldweather Sets In—One and Three-Quarter Millions of the Yellow Stuff Already Received in Seattle and San Francisco—The Gold Fever at New York City—Two Thousand Men Will Try Their Luck.

Seattle, Wash., July 19.—So enormous is the gold product of Klondyke and so small is the Klondyke as compared with the entire gold producing area of the Yukon basin that an estimate of the gold possibilities of Alaska is enough to turn the head. The product may demonetize gold. Within the last few days Seattle and San rFancisco have received $1,750,000 from the Klondyke.

As announced by Preston, director of the mint, in the press dispatches of last Friday, $500,000 is on deposit with the superintendent of the mint at San Francisco. A conservative esimate of the gold dust brought to Seattle by the Portland places it at $1,250,000, and the Portland brought a letter from Captain Tuttle of the revenue cutter Bear stating that there was piled up in the North American Transportation company's office at St. Michaels fully $2,000,000 more.

Hardly Worth Counting.

All this wealth has come from claims not yet discovered a year and is hardly worth counting in the grand total that is yet to be made out. In the Klondyke region 400 claims have been worked and they have given employment to 3,000 men. These men who have come out of the Klondyke with the washings of two months were compelled to leave for personal or family reasons, and nearly all of them have left partners on their claims. Nine out of ten will go back almost immediately.

Klondyke miners have about three months' work ahead before the water freezes, and it is known that the gold which is stacked up in heaps, stowed away in sacks, bottles, and tin cans, already far exceeds the millions that have already come out. According to the collective judgment of the men just from Yukon there certainly will not be less than $15,000,000 from the new El Dorado before cold weather.

ALASKA GOLD FEVER.

It Fastens Its Grasp Upon the City of New York.

New York, July 19.—New York has been touched with the Alaska gold fever. The past twenty-four hours has seen come to the front at least 2,000 argonauts, who will be on the way to the Klondyke region just as soon as arrangements can be made for transportation. This city furnished more "forty-niners" than any state in the Union. It would not be strange at all if this city should, within the next six months, assuming a corroboration of the present marvelously favorable reports, be more largely represented in the boats slowly stemming the currents of the Yukon than the entire Pacific coast.

Some notion of how the craze is spreading may be had from the fact that within forty-eight hours an advertisement calling for those who desired to join an expedition to Alaska and who had from $500 to $2,000 to invest was answered by more than 1,200 applicants.

GRAIN BLOCKADE FEARED.

Western Roads Preparing to Handle an Unprecedented Crop.

Kansas City, July 19.—Long trains of empty freight cars have rolled out of Kansas City for two weeks and have been dropped off in twos and threes and fives on side tracks along the lines of the railroads in Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma. These empty freight cars, of which there are thousands, will be filled with new '97 wheat inside of four or five weeks.

A tremendous grain rush is expected and the best of management by railroad officials will be needed to prevent a huge grain blockade or a grain car famine. Conservative estimates of crop statisticians place the yield of wheat for this year in Kansas alone at 60,000,000 bushels.

The Boss Is Obnoxious.

Ishpeming, Mich., July 19.—There is liable to be a walkout at the Cleveland Lake mine within a few days. The workmen are dissatisfied with their boss, Captain Thomas Buzzo, and want him removed. About ten days ago Buzzo assaulted a Finlander employee, breaking an umbrella on his head. Since then the men have shown considerable uneasiness and say that Captain Buzzo is ugly in various ways to them. They say they will ask Agent Duncan to remove Buzzo, also Zachary Karkeet, one of his foremen, whom they say also makes it unpleasant for them whenever he has an opportunity.

Mrs. Lease for Governor.

Topeka, Kan., July 19.—Mrs. Mary E. Lease is a candidate for governor on the Populist ticket. She told her intimate friends that she intended to succeed John W. Leedy. There is nothing in the state constitution or state law that prevents a woman from holding that office, and Mrs. Lease has reached the conclusion that the time has arrived for the women to assert themselves.

Died from Lockjaw.

Omaha, Neb., July 19.—Dan Farrell, Jr., prominent manufacturer and member of the directory of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition company, died Sunday evening from lockjaw. On the afternoon of the 5th inst. a firecracker exploded in his hand, injuring that member seriously. For several days Mr. Farrell has hovered between life and death.

No Coal to Run Factories.

Peoria, Ills., July 19.—The two glucose factories shut down Monday, being unable to get the 750 tons of coal they used daily. This also shuts down the cooper shops and throws 1,500 men out of work. But three mines are running in the Peoria coal field, under contract to supply the street car and electric light companies.

Consul General Gowdy Improving.

Paris, July 19.—United States Consul General John K. Gowdy, who has been seriously ill, is now improving, and is about to be removed to Plombiers, a health resort on the Angroone, for a change of air.

HAS WON AN INDIANA GIRL

Formal Announcement of the Engagement of Representative Belknap.

Washington, July 20.—The engagement of Hugh Belknap, of Chicago, and Miss Meta Steele, of Marion, Ind., has been formally announced. The wedding ceremony will take place at the home of Miss Steele late in September. The fact that Belknap and Miss Steele were engaged was first made public in April. Miss Steele is the only daughter of George W. Steele, a member of congress from Indiana. She lived with her parents last winter at the Ebbitt House, where Belknap was also a guest.

Miss Steele is a bright, interesting young woman, and is an accomplished musician. Belknap is a son of the late General W. W. Belknap, who was secretary of war during President Grant's administration. He is 37 years of age and was born in Keokuk, Ia. He represents in congress the Third Illinois district, which embraces part of the south side in Chicago.

Daring Work of Wisconsin Thugs.

Green Bay, Wis., July 20.—Two daring highway robberies were committed here at 11 o'clock at night. Peter Kaster, bookkeeper for the grocery firm of Buengener & Bur, was knocked senseless on Jefferson street and relieved of his watch and $5. A few moments later S. W. Bailes, head filer for the Diamond Match company, was knocked senseless and robbed of his watch and about $5 near the Green Bay and Western depot. Two short men and a tall man did the deed in each case.

Never Should Have Been Sent There.

Frankfort, Ky., July 20.—Governor Bradley last night pardoned George Dinning, a negro sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary from Simpson county for killing Jodie Conn, the leader of a whitecap mob who attacked Dinning's house at night. Governor Bradley in issuing the pardon says Dinning should have been commended for defending his home instead of being punished as a felon.

Wild Western Way of Wooing.

Decatur, Ills., July 20.—Moses Spore, an eccentric young countryman, created a whirlwind of excitement at a dance northeast of Decatur by drawing two revolvers and forcibly taking a young lady from her escort. Spore successfully stood off the crowd and took the girl home. He had been keeping company with her, but a rival had beaten his time for that evening.

John Bull Demands Coercion.

London, July 20.—The Daily Telegraph's Vienna correspondent learns from a trustworthy source that the British government has demanded the immediate coercion of Turkey. Russia, on the other hand, has declared that the moment for coercion has not arrived, and that the situation must not be complicated.

Death of a Labor Leader.

Columbus, O., July 20.—John Kane, national vice president of the United Mine Workers of America, died at his home in this city at 5 p. m. yesterday. Death was the result of blood poisoning superinduced by pneumonia and pleurisy. He had been sick about three weeks. He was aged 48 years.

Western Base Ball Association.

Des Moines, Ia., July 20.—At a meeting of the Western Base Ball association held here yesterday it was decided to continue the season as now under way and play it out without any changes. All the clubs were agreed on that course. The meeting was harmonious.

Drowned While Fording a Stream.

Pittsburg, July 20.—While fording Lick run, near Snowden, Pa., a wagon in which were six occupants was swept away by the strong current. Four of the occupants succeeded in reaching the shore in safety; but James Boyd and wife, of Elizabeth, Pa., were drowned.

Love Laughs at Grim Papa.

Oswego, N. Y., July 20.—Papa Conde has finally relented and has given his consent to the engagement of his pretty daughter, Marie, to Ensign Stone, of the United States steamer Puritan. The wedding will take place in October.

Populists of Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia., July 20.—A. W. C. Weeks, chairman of the Populist "middle-of-the-road" faction, has issued a call for a state convention Aug. 19, composed of 419 delegates.

The Weather We May Expect.

Washington, July 20.—Following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Local showers; easterly to southeasterly winds. For Lower Michigan—Fair weather, probably followed by showers tonight; light easterly winds. For Upper Michigan—Generally fair weather; light easterly winds. For Wisconsin—Fair weather, probably followed by showers tonight; light easterly winds. For Iowa—Probably local showers; cooler; southeasterly winds, becoming northwesterly.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, July 19.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 74⅞c, closed 75c; September, opened 69⅝c, closed 70⅝c; December, opened 71c, closed 71⅞c. Corn—July, opened 26c, closed 26⅝c; September, opened 26⅜c, closed 26⅞c; December, opened 27⅛c, closed 28c. Oats—September, opened 18c, closed 17⅞c. Pork—September, opened $7.62½, closed $7.65. Lard—September, opened $4.15, closed $4.20; October, opened $4.30, closed $4.22½; December, opened $4.25, closed $4.30.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 6@7c per lb; chickens, 8c; spring, 11@12c; ducks, 6@6½c. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@8c. New potatoes, $1.25@1.60 per bbl. Blackberries—Michigan, 60@75c per 16-qt. case. Raspberries—Red, 60@75 per 24-qt. case; black, 40@50c per 16-qt case.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 19.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 28,000; sales ranged at $3.45@3.65 for pigs, $3.50@3.65 for light, $3.30@3.45 for rough packing, $3.45@3.62½ for mixed, and $3.45@3.60 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $4.95@5.25 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.90 good to choice do., $4.20@4.65 fair to good, $3.85@4.40 common to medium do., $3.60@4.15 butchers steers, $3.25@3.90 stockers, $3.70@4.25 feeders, $1.90@3.90 cows, $2.60@4.30 heifers, $2.25@2.90 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.75@4.20 Texas steers, and $3.25@5.90 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; quotations ranged at $2.75@4.00 westerns, $2.70@3.50 Texans, $3.35@4.90 natives, and $3.25@5.60 lambs.

COMMENT ON DEBS.

Prominent London Journal on His Social Democracy.

WHAT IT MAY SOON BRING ABOUT.

Collectivism Over the Whole of the United States and a Grand Smashing of the Trusts, Says The Spectator—What 1900 May See—True Inwardness of the Seal Negotiations—Some More Remarks About Sherman's Diplomacy.

London, July 19.—A somewhat pessimistic view of the proposed Debs collectivist settlement in the west is taken by The Spectator, which says: "Collectivism hitherto has been confined to foreigners in the United States, particularly to Germans. But the new movement means a native colectivist party. Such a party seems to be in progress of formation and may portend great changes in the character of American politics. It is likely to exercise considerable influence throughout the world sooner or later. Assuming that the project were fairly successful a collision between the colonists and the trusts would be bound to arise. The continued despotisms of trusts would occasion a combination of discontented farmers with the artisan population of the cities; and the year of 1900 may see a western Populist in the White House, a congress angry and determined, and state legislatures everywhere west of the Mississippi in complete sympathy with the revolutionary demands of the collectivists, who would differ only in details from the German social democrats.

Depends Upon Who Is President.

"Such a situation would be bound to lead to the employment of the federal forces, which, with Mr. Bryan as a president and a Democratic congress, would take the form of a suppression of the trusts and railway corporations. With Mr. McKinley, the interference would be the other way. His eagerness for a bimetallic conference with the leading European states showsan attempt to capture the silver vote of the west so as to break up the forces of discontent. The ugly temper which is growing on the basis of the revelations of the tariff bill is adding fuel to the flames. In America action is always taken suddenly, and it may be but a few years before a great party will become dominant determined to carry out a great collectivist scheme, perhaps including the state ownership of railroads."

Situation in the Seal Controversy.

The report cabled last week that an international conference on the seal controversy would be held at Washington in the autumn is confirmed by an official paragraph issued Saturday by the British authorities. The statement says: "The publication of an isolated old dispatch which has been duly replied to, much as it may be regretted, has not retarded the progress of the negotiations in London. As there seems, however, to be some misapprehension of the subject, it should be pointed out that in the communications now passing there is no question of altering the regulations now in force in Behring sea or of imposing fresh restrictions. Mr. John W. Foster, on behalf of his government, is urging that the experts representing the governments interested should meet and compare the results of their investigations with a view of arriving at an agreed state of facts. That is the sole object of the proposed meeting."

But the Editors Continue to Rage.

Notwithstanding the foregoing the weekly papers take virtually the same view as the dailies with reference to Secretary Sherman's dispatch on the sealing question. The Spectator says: "He [Sherman] scolds the British government as if its ministers were a set of mean, underhand, thieving scoundrels. It is absolutely essential that Lord Salisbury should refuse to consider the question in any shape until he has received an apology for such wanton imputations." The Speaker takes the same view practically of the provocation, but thinks active resentment not worth while.

An Observing Correspondent.

The Post has a correspondent who says: "Let me say, as one who knows the Americans well, that they are not moved by any consideration of kindred, as is so often falsely asserted in our press on the authority of some few stragglers among us whose policy is to enter society and be considered fashionable. These people only form a microscopice minority among their countrymen, and have neither influence nor ability to make their ideas prevail at home. The moment for action will be not four years hence; it is now. The American navy is fast growing, and its increase will make the task imposing. The longer it is postponed the more difficult it will be."

Disaster to a Parachutist.

Paris, Ills., July 19.—"Professor" Grinley, of Carbon, Ind., made a balloon ascension and a parachute drop here. He went up 800 feet before he cut loose with the parachute and descended rapidly. When nearing the ground he saw the parachute would carry him against a large building, and he sprang from the trapeze to save himself. He struck on the edge of the roof of a three-story building and fell twenty-five feet to the roof of a one-story building and lay there unconscious until taken down. The physicians think he will survive his injuries.

Wales Still on the Bench.

London, July 19.—The queen's message to her people from Windsor castle, published in The Gazette, in which she says that she intends to reign as long as life lasts, effectually disposes of the stale old story asserting that she contemplates abdicating in favor of the Prince of Wales.

Terrible Accident in South Africa.

Cape Town, July 19.—Reports from Kimberly state that several Europeans and fifty natives were entombed as the result of an accident at the DeBeer's mine. Twenty natives were rescued. There is little hope of effecting a rescue of the others.

Death of Vice President Crocker.

San Mateo, Cal., July 19.—Colonel C. F. Crocker, first vice president of the Southern Pacific Railroad company, who was stricken with apoplexy and paralysis at his dinner table eight days ago, died at 7.15 Saturday evening. He was 42 years old.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Prince of Wales will be president of the royal commission having charge of the British section of the Paris exposition of 1900.

The Paris Figaro announces that Princess Isabelle of Orleans is shortly to be betrothed to Prince Albert of Belgium.

The notorious King Milan, late of the throne of Servia, has taken up his residence in Vienna and has moved all his furniture and household belongings from Paris to a house in the Austrian capital.

Abraham Shoemaker of Chandlerville, Ills., was killed by a train. He was a veteran of the war, aged 65 years.

Thomas W. Stanford, who has made a great fortune in Australia, is a brother of Leland Stanford, deceased. Thomas has given $300,000 outright to build a library for the university which bears the family name, and has also given notice that his will makes other liberal endowments for the university.

Samuel Johnson, a well-to-do farmer of Belle Plaine, Ia., committed suicide because he could not satisfy his brothers and sisters in the distribution of their father's estate.

The porter of the Paris bourse recently died leaving a fortune of $50,000. He had been employed thirty years at a salary of $240 a year.

While bathing in Knickerbocker lake Lee Groner of Decatur, Ills., was drowned and Roy Brooks barely escaped while trying to rescue Groner.

The bronze statue of Harriet Beecher Stowe, which will soon be erected in Hartford, Conn., will be 12 feet high and will represent Mrs. Stowe, seated with a suppliant figure of Uncle Tom stretching forth a pair of brawny arms, from which hang broken shackles.

John W. Case, general foreman of streets, an old resident of Stevens Point, Wis., dropped dead of congestion of the brain.

Gus Stiles, a young farmer, attempted to drive across the Burlington tracks near Rome, Ia., and was killed by the train. His body was afterward found on the engine pilot.

At a negro festival at Rockport, Ind., Thomas McFarland shot and instantly killed his nephew, John Wright. McFarland was shooting at Lafe Krump, but shot Wright instead.

Eight-year-old son of W. G. Mercer, chief of the fire department of Fremont, Neb., was thrown from a buggy and killed.

Nebraska farmers have paid off $20,000,000 of mortgages during the last eighteen months.

Two 12-year-old boys named Bloger and Shandy were drowned in White river at Petersburg, Ind., while bathing.

William Fortune of Peoria, Ills., was drowned in Beesaw lake. He leaves a family.

MONONGAH MINERS IDLE.

The Men Lay Down Their Picks and Leave the Works.

Monongahela, W. Va., July 19.—All Monongah miners are idle in accordance with the action of the Willow Tree meeting Sunday. Sunday night committees went among the miners who had not attended the meeting and did effective missionary work. As a result, at 7 o'clock Monday morning the drivers and 200 men laid down their tools and others followed, until at 9 o'clock only ten men were working. These will have to quit before noon, and the entire plant will be closed, throwing 650 men out of employment. The men seem determined, but the operators say they will be back before the week is over. They have no money and are in debt to the company store and credit will be refused them.

Most of the strikers are gathered about the station discussing the situation; a few of them have clear ideas of what they are striking for. If the men do not return new ones will be secured. All other mines in this region went on Monday morning, but it is regarded as a question of only a few hours when they will follow the Monongah's lead. Debs arrived Monday morning to address Fairmont mass-meetings. The organizers re-enforced by Monongah men, are visiting other mines.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

Woman Who Suggested the Poem to Tom Moore Is Dead.

New York, July 19.—Mrs. Amelia Kohler died Sunday at Mount Vernon. Had it not been for Mrs. Kohler, Tom Moore might never have written "The Last Rose of Summer." The poem was of her suggestion, and the first line was from her lips. She was, early in the century, a close friend of Moore's sister who kept a private school in London. While walking in the garden of the school with the poet one day, Mrs. Kohler, so the story runs, plucked a rose, remarking: "'Tis the last rose of summer; why not write about it, Mr. Moore?"

The incident suggested the thought that was afterwards so beautifully woven into verse and the poem was dedicated by the poet "To Amelia," which is Mrs. Kohler's first name. She was 92 years old when she died and for twenty-two years had lived with her daughter, Mrs. F. N. Saunders, in Mount Vernon. Her maiden name was Amelia Offergeld, and her father was an officer under General Blucher. The family home was in Aix-la-Chappelle. Mrs. Kohler frequently spoke of having seen Napoleon in her girlhood.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 75c. 24 large, $1. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 26, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

OLD POSTAL USAGES.

CURIOUS PHASES OF THE MAIL SERVICE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Rates on Ordinary Letters In England Were Almost Prohibitive—Adoption of the Penny Post and the Queer Arguments Against It.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, there were no telegraphs in this country and few railways. The mails were forwarded by coach, and the postage rates were to all but the well to do prohibitive. It cost from 4d. to 1s. 8d. to send a "single" letter under an ounce in weight from one part of the kingdom to another. There were some 40 charges, varying according to distance, the average rate being 9d., or half the day's wage of a laborer. A "single" letter meant a single piece of paper (adhesive envelopes had not been invented), and the addition of a second scrap of paper made the letter a "double" one. The postage was paid on delivery by the recipient, and as no credit was given the incursion of a postman into a poor neighborhood was watched on all sides with fear rather than hope.

Coleridge, the poet, saw a poor woman declining to accept a letter on the score of inability to pay. The good natured bard (doubtless with some difficulty) found the required ninepence, despite the woman's remonstrances. When the postman had gone away, she showed Coleridge that the letter was but a blank sheet of paper. Her brother had arranged to send her at intervals such a sheet, addressed in a certain fashion, as evidence that all was well with him, and she as regularly, after inspecting the address, refused to accept it. Some humorist on one occasion sent out large numbers of letters, each on a sheet as large as a tablecloth, all of which had to be delivered as "single" missives.

This system practically stifled written intercourse among the working class and pressed with severity upon the middle class, but the rich and highly placed entirely escaped postal taxation. The privilege of franking covered the correspondence not only of ministers, peers and members of parliament, but of their relatives, friends and acquaintances. While in one year early in the queen's reign no less than 7,400,000 letters were franked, a single London firm paid annually £11,000 for postage and a writer in The Quarterly referred flippantly to "so slight and rare an incident in a laborer's life as the receipt of a letter." Among the "packets" franked was a grand piano. An army of clerks was employed to fix the charges to be collected, and the postal revenue remained stationary between 1815 and 1835, although in the same period the population increased from 19,500,000 to 25,500,000.

Moved by this state of things, parliament in 1839 adopted Rowland Hill's proposal of uniform inland penny postage, which came into operation on Jan. 10, 1840. The writer possesses a copy of The Quarterly Review of 1839, in which a contributor (believed to be Croker) fiercely denounces the scheme. "Will clerks," he says, "write only to their fathers and girls to their mothers? Will not letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportions? We doubt whether social and domestic correspondence will be more than doubled. A gigantic exemplification of the old proverb—Penny wise and pound foolish," etc.

Macaulay says that the penny post, when first established, was the object of violent invective, as a manifest contrivance of the pope to enslave the souls of Englishmen. It was described as "sedition made easy." The postal authorities, who in 1784 had opposed the institution of mail coaches, were implacable enemies of penny postage. The postmaster general of 1839, Lord Lichfield, based his objections on the curious ground that the building at St. Martin's-le-Grand would not be large enough. The secretary, Colonel Maberly, constantly repeated, "This plan we know will fail."

As we know, it succeeded, and the penny rate has been generally adopted in Europe as well as in the United States. The number of letters rose from 80,000,000 in 1837 to 299,000,000 in 1847, and for the year ending on March 31, 1897, about 1,900,000,000. The postal surplus was in 1839 £1,659,510 and in 1896-7 £3,632,138. The number of letters, which was in 1837 about 3 per head and in 1854 15 per head, is now 77 per head.—Fortnightly Review.

High Titles Without Cost.

English folk are copying the American custom of conferring titles upon their children in baptism by using such names as Lord, Earl, Baron, etc. This will mean more to the English child than it has to the American.

One parent in the midlands bestowed on his progeny military as well as social rank. One of his children is christened Baron, another Captain, another Colonel and another Major General. London Truth has this statement from one who knows this titled family, and they are to be found at the present time in the neighborhood of Birmingham. At this rate every Tommy Atkins in the next generation may be a field marshal.

Every Time.

Master—Tombs, this is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to a pond to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?

Tombs—Yes, sir. Seven. — London Tit-Bits.

Justin McCarthy is quite gray haired. His beard is bushy, and his gold rimmed spectacles impart a benign air to his face, which indeed well suits his mild manner. As for his energy, one would say that it was inexhaustible. He is a politician, a journalist, a novelist and a historian

TIME'S CREASES.

The Origin and Progress of the Wrinkles on the Face.

We all become interested sooner or later in the subject of wrinkles. They are the "irreparable outrage" of Racine, but although they are so universal few have endeavored to explain their origin and progress. Wrinkles are produced in the first instance by the frequent repetition of some muscular contraction or by sickness. They are not merely superficial, but appear when the epidermis is removed, and are found not only in the face, but all over the body. They do not run in any regular direction, and no law has been found including all their directions. It has been said that the life history of a man can be written from his wrinkles, but physiology hardly agrees in this instance, for it has still to be proved that a general's wrinkles differ from those of a physician's, or a laborer's from a lawyer's. A man does not always or even generally carry about a faithful autobiography in his face. Although no part of the body is free from them they visit chiefly the face, particularly round the eyes and lips. They run in all directions — horizontal, vertical and oblique, straight, curved and crossed. Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered brings them on prematurely, but they are in every case normal at 40 or even earlier.

Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to men who study or worry themselves. This can readily be imagined. The eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought. Grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently, produces a fold in the skin, marking emotion undergone many times. Between these and the straight lines on the forehead, already mentioned, come the arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the root of the nose. These often tell of long and painful mental torture. They arise from a cruel physical suffering or of still more great development of the vertical wrinkles and the resistance of the skin above.

The crow's feet mark the passing of the fortieth year and are characterized by furrows which diverge from the external angles of the eyes in all directions, like the claws of a bird, from which they are named. The wrinkles of the nose, which descend from the nostrils down each side of the mouth, are, perhaps, the first to appear. These furrows are created in laughing and mastication. A simple smile is sufficient to produce them, so it is not surprising that the repetition of the commonest acts should soon be graven on the face. They are also hereditary. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. The small wrinkles which form a network in the lower parts of the cheeks near the ears have the same origin and only appear in old age. Those found in the upper eyelids and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, grief or worry.—New York Ledger.

KNOW THEIR POWERS.

The Eternal Womanly In the Rough Girls of New York.

In the girls of the rougher tenement house districts the eternal womanly wears such a disguise of the eternal gamin that it cannot always be recognized. Their pertness and sauciness are only sharpened by their precocity and their tomboy habits of street Arabia. A reporter recently had occasion to visit lower Washington street to ascertain the facts regarding the murder of a boy down there. He was obtaining his information from the boys of the neighborhood, who might have been playmates of the dead youth. A circle of them, together with three or four girls of 15 or 16 years, was gathered around him.

A big, hulking youth about 20 years old arrogated to himself the place of spokesman. He was evidently the tyrant, the bully of the street, a young "Bill the Brute," who had not yet acquired a wife to beat and was consequently an object of great interest to these misses, whose skirts had not yet grown down to their ankles. With his big, harsh voice he silenced every interruption of his tale, saying:

"Shut up there! I'm tellin this yarn."

Of course this adjuration, which forms a part of the ordinary courtesy of the neighborhood, did not quiet the girls. They chaffed him and the reporter and giggled until at last the speaker said to the reporter:

"Don't mind them. They're no 'count. They're nothin but girls."

"Of course he'll mind us, smarty," instantly retorted one of the girls. "We's the makin's of ladies."

It was the eternal womanly of street Arabia.—New York Tribune.

Du Maurier Heroines.

When Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was first presented to Du Maurier, who was, in point of fact, rather an undersized man, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad that you are not six feet tall!"

"But why?" asked Du Maurier.

"Because for these many months," replied Mrs. Burnett, who is considerably below medium height, "you have simply denied us the right to live. You have made us feel that a woman who is not six feet tall has not the right to exist."

"Oh, that is only a trick of mine!" laughed Du Maurier. "I have started again and again to make my heroine a little woman, but before I know it she has somehow grown way beyond my own recognition."—American Queen.

He Had Failed.

"My friend," solemnly remarked the man in black, "you don't know how hard it is to lose your wife."

"Hard?" he echoed. "My dear sir, it is simply impossible."—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY.

A Curious Legend—Some Relics of Emperor Maximilian.

Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which has not a legend of this kind attached to it. The town is identified with the history of Mexico.

Here the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was ratified in 1848, and here Maximilian made his last stand in 1867, was obliged to surrender and was shot. Everybody is interested in Maximilian mainly on account of poor Carlotta. Maximilian was executed on the Cerro de las Campanas and with him Generals Miramin and Media. The place is marked by three little crosses of stone. The two generals were killed at the first volley, but Maximilian, who had requested that he be shot through the body that his mother might look upon his face, was only wounded, and a second firing was required to kill him.

The emperor had been led to believe that Carlotta was dead. She became insane from grief and was kept in an asylum for many years, but she still lives and still mourns for her dead husband and the loss of her throne. The United States government protested against the execution of Maximilian, but in vain, Juarez refusing to spare him.

There are all kinds of relics of Maximilian in Mexico—the Yturbide theater, where he was tried and condemned, the table on which the death warrant was signed, the wooden stools on which the prisoners sat during the trial and the coffin of Maximilian, whose remains were subsequently sent to Austria and buried at Miramar. I confess I do not share in any sentiment of pity for Maximilian, who was an adventurer without a shadow of right in Mexico and took the chances of war. He was, it is true, a victim of Napoleon and of his own ambition and was very scurvily treated by those who had induced him to set up his throne in Mexico, but to have released him would have been to establish a claimant for the Mexican throne. It was better that this man should die than that thousands should be sacrificed in the wars he would surely have fomented if he had been allowed to live.—Philadelphia Ledger

WAGES IN CHINA.

In Spite of Their Lowness the Celestials Wax Fat.

How a Chinese workman manages to support his family and remain sleek and fat on the wages he receives is an everlasting mystery to the European and American. The Chinese are a people of marvelous economy. They will support a family, furnishing food, clothes, shelter, from a small garden which they call a farm, but which in America would not more than furnish an American family with early vegetables.

In cities the laboring men receive the merest pittance. In Canton, where laborers are better paid than in other parts of China, skilled workmen live on these wages: Shoemaker, $4 per month; blacksmith, $5 per month; fine ivory carver, $12 per month; tailor, $5 per month; fine embroiderer, $4 per month; designer, $6 per month; silversmith, $8 per month.

The Chinese are superstitious, and the workmen support, in addition to their temples and pagodas and priests, which receive more in proportion than the churches of Europe and America, idol makers, geomancers, fortune tellers, physiognomists, soothsayers, astrologers and interpreters of dreams, who exist by thousands and coin all the money they want. Another thing which makes money for a certain class is the Chinese custom of burning great quantities of "spirit money," imitation coins, which are supposed to be legal tender for dead relatives. One city alone employs 100,000 people in making this cash for ghosts.

Peculiar superstitions embarrass the workman. For instance, carpenters and builders have to exercise great care in selecting a ridgepole for a house. It must have neither cracks nor knots, and in it a small hole must be made and filled with gold leaf and the whole beam painted red. This insures good luck for the owner of the house.

The tea trade employs thousands of persons. The laborers receive from $2 to $10 per month, according to their grade of work.—Chicago News.

Fishy.

A man who resides on the east side relates an incident which may be true, but it sounds fishy.

His boy caught a large sucker a couple of years ago, and since that time he has been experimenting with his finny pet somewhat. The fish has been kept out of the water so much that it gradually became accustomed to it, and frequently flopped out of the water itself and followed the boy around. Finally the boy placed it in a pen and gradually reduced its bathing periods until it became acclimatized, abandoning entirely its native element. It would follow the boy around like a dog, and one day he started over to town across the swinging bridge with the pet fish flopping along after him. But alas for boyish hopes! The fish made a slight miscue and flopped overboard into the creek and drowned before the boy could rescue him.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

THE DREADED BACK DRAFT.

One of the Worst Perils That Confront the Firemen.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "The Perils of a Fireman's Life," by Charles T. Hill, who has written several articles on the New York fire department for this magazine. Mr. Hill says:

Next to a dangerous cellar fire nothing is more dreaded by the men than what is known in their own language as the "back draft." This is a sudden veering of the flames, usually caused by the burning away of some portion of the building that gives the fire renewed draft and changes its course completely.

The firemen arrive and find the whole second or third floor of a building in flames. Axes in hand, they smash open the doors, and with the hose dash up the stairway. This is all afire, and the flames are rolling above like a red pall. With the engine at work and good pressure on the line, the battle between the two elements, fire and water, begins. Inch by inch the men fight their way up the stairway, now to retreat as the fire gains upon them and now to advance as it rolls away for a moment. The encouraging words of the commanding officer are heard behind them urging them on: "Now, get in, boys! That's it—get in—get in! Make the next landing! Hit it up, boys!" and all the other words of encouragement that he usually gives.

They finally reach the landing. They are on the floor with the fire. It rolls away from them. They drive it farther back. Encouraged by their seeming victory, they drag up more of the heavy hose to make a final dash at it, when suddenly something falls in at the rear of the fire that gives it renewed draft. It rolls toward them, an impenetrable wall of fire—the deadly back draft! Their only chance of escape is to throw themselves upon their faces, in hope that it may roll over them, or to hurl themselves down the stairs up which they have so gallantly fought their way. Better a broken leg or arm than death by roasting, and the water of 50 engines could never stay the progress of that awful wave of flame.

Many a brave fellow has lost his life in this manner, and very often all the members of a company return with their eyebrows, hair and beard singed off, bearing evidence that they have been "ketched," as they express it, by a less terrible form of this deadly draft.

VILLAGE ODDITIES.

English Towns Distinguished For Being One of a Kind.

Undoubtedly the most extraordinary township in England is that of Skiddaw, in Cumberland. It contains but one house, the occupier of which is unable to exercise the Briton's privilege of voting because there is no overseer to prepare a voters' list and no church or other place of worship or assembly on which to publish one.

The most remote village in England is that of Farley-cum-Pitton. This truly rural spot is 30½ miles from the nearest railway station. As a contrast to this may be mentioned the hamlet of Ystrad, about 10 miles from Cardiff. This tiny settlement possesses two important main roads, two railways and two large rivers.

A very unique feature is exclusively claimed by Trimley, a small village in Suffolk. In the one churchyard of the parish two churches are to be seen. Service is conducted three times a week in each of these churches at the same hour.

The deepest well in England is found at Hamilton, in Hampshire. It stretches 350 feet below the surface of the earth. About half way down this well shaft is a subway, three miles in length, which leads to the seacoast.

On the top of the parish church tower in Bicknoller, Somersetshire, is a yew tree, now five feet high and still growing in a hardy fashion. It is generally believed that the tree owes its origin to a seed dropped by a bird.

Perhaps the most splendidly decorated church in the kingdom is that of Whitley Court, Worcestershire. It is entirely constructed of white marble, the pews are chastely carved, and the pulpit is of genuine Carrara marble, richly paneled with precious stones.

On the village green at Meriden, in Warwickshire, there is a large stone cross which is supposed to mark the central point of England.—Pearson's Magazine.

A Mother's Triumph.

"Willie!"

"What do you want?"

"I want you to get right up."

"All right," says Willie and turns over for another nap. Half an hour passes, and then—

"Willie!"

"Well?"

"You going to get up today?"

"Yes."

"Well, be about it then. You march yourself right down here."

Twenty minutes elapse.

"Willie!"

"What you want?"

"If you ain't up in five minutes, I'll come up there and rout you out in short order. You mind that."

"I'm coming."

"You'd better, sir, if you know what's good for you."

Fifteen minutes later.

"Will! If you're not out of there in ten minutes, I'll douse you with cold water, see if I don't. Get right up."

Willie comes down half an hour later, and the triumphant mother says:

"Aha, young man, I thought I'd rout you out. You may just as well understand first as last that when I speak you have to mind. Remember that."—Detroit Free Press.

Properly Situated.

"They may say what they like against him," said the convicted one's defender, "but his heart is in the right place."

"Yes," assented the other, "and so is the rest of him for a few years."—Indianapolis Journal.

SILENT SUFFERERS.

Women do not Like to Tell a Doctor the Details of Their Private Ills.

The reason why so many women suffer in silence from the multiple disorders connected with their sexual system is that they cannot bear to broach the subject to a man, even if he is a physician.

No one can blame a modest, sensitive woman for this reticence. It is unnecessary in these times, however, for a woman makes to all afflicted women a most generous offer. Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., bids every woman who suffers to write to her and confide every symptom that annoys her, and she will give her advice without charge, and that advice is based upon the greatest experience ever possessed by man or woman in this country, and extends over a period of twenty-three years, and thousands upon thousands of cases. Why suffer in silence any longer, my sister, when you can get help for the asking? Don't fear to tell her everything.

The case of Mrs. Colony, whose letter to Mrs. Pinkham we publish, is an illustration of the good to be received from Mrs. Pinkham's advice; here is a woman who was sick for years and could get no relief—at last in despair she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham—received in return a prompt, sympathetic and interested reply. Note the result and go and do likewise.

"I was troubled with such an aching in my back and hips, and I felt so tired all the time, and had for four years. For the last year it was all I could do to drag around. I would have such a ringing in my head by spells that it seemed as though I would grow crazy. I ached from my shoulders to my feet and was very nervous. I was also troubled with a white discharge. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., received a prompt reply and followed her advice, and now I have no backache and begin to feel as one ought; in fact, I never felt better in ten years than I do now. I thank God that I went doctoring with Mrs. Pinkham, when I did, for if I had not I know I would have been in my grave."—Mrs. Nellie E. Colony, Nahma, Mich.

A RECOLLECTION.

It was indeed a perfect day.
I scarce recall the weather,
But autumn calm and bloom of May
Seem mingled there together.
Then melody made sweet the hours,
Each sentence was a ballad,
The rocks were jewels, weeds were flowers,
When Mary dressed the salad.

No vernal scene whose blandishments
Will welcomely beset us
Can have the fascination lent
By that small sprig of lettuce,
And vainly must musicians toil
From stage or festal wagon
For tones like those with which the oil
Came loitering from the flagon.

Strange how these merchant chemists mar
Each once alluring savor!
How tasteless is the vinegar!
How dull the pepper's flavor!
Ofttimes when sterner moods are planned
Those memories come pressing—
That salad day, the sunshine and
The girl who made the dressing.
—Washington Star.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Meeting With a Gentle Hearted Woman Backed by a Ferocious Dog.

"At the foot of the stairs in the front hall of a farmhouse one night," said the retired burglar, "I stumbled over something soft that turned out to be a feather bed. If I had had a grain of sense at all, I should have suspicioned something from that, but I didn't. It looked as though it had been just tumbled down stairs and left there to be carried off in the morning, and I let it go at that and stepped into it and over it to the first step of the stairs and on up.

"Stepping up on the fourth step, I kicked against a string stretched across the stairs and broke it. That made me suspicious, but I never connected the feather bed at the foot of the stairs with it. I looked up. I expected it to be connected with something there. And it was, and it was coming down the stairs at me and filling up the whole stairway. It was a big feather bed. Even then I didn't see that the one coming down had anything to do with the one down on the floor, and at the same time I couldn't understand why anybody should roll anything like a feather bed down on anybody—bulky, to be sure, but so light that it was an easy thing to stop.

"I put up my hands to stop this one, but might just as well have tried to stop a mountain. It was soft and squashy on the outside, but it weighed a ton. It just bowled me right over backward, and I fell on the other feather bed at the foot of the stairs. Then I began to understand what that one was for. It was to save the bones of the man that was tumbled over by the avalanche bed.

"I lay there nearly smothered by the bed on top and working out from under it gradually.

"'I hope you are not hurt?' I heard somebody say from over the railing along the hall up stairs, and I said, 'No, ma'am,' because it was a female voice, and I am always polite to the ladies, 'but would you mind telling me what's inside the one that came down?'

"'Oh,' she said, 'it's the summer range, with the flatirons inside. Can you lift it off, or shall I let the dog come down and help you?'

"And with that I heard a dog scratching up stairs. I supposed it started him up to hear himself spoken of, and I judged from the sound of his claws on the carpet that he must have been about the size of a tiger and of about the same kind of disposition.

"'No,' I says, 'I can get clear of it.' And I did and stood up in the hall.

"'You won't carry off the other one, will you?' she said.

"And hearing the dog still scratching up stairs, I said, 'No, I won't.' And I didn't. The lady appeared to be gentle hearted enough, but I knew you couldn't trust the dog."—New York Sun.

Balfe's Songs.

H. W. Balfe, to whom we owe the music of "Come Into the Garden, Maud," is probably the favorite composer of the English people. His songs have exercised a remarkable influence over our countrymen. There is something so plaintive, so tender, in the melody of such pieces as "When Other Lips," "The Heart Bowed Down," etc., that few are impervious to their charm.

"Come Into the Garden, Maud," was written especially for Mr. Sims Reeves. When Balfe was living in Paris, the English tenor wrote him that he was in urgent need of a new song by a certain date and begged the composer to supply one. Balfe had long thought of giving Tennyson's ballad a setting. So now, stimulated by the desire to write something worthy of the great vocalist, for whose art he had a very deep admiration, and inspired by the sweet lines of "Come Into the Garden, Maud," he composed the graceful air now so familiar. He then sent it to the singer, who wrote in return, "Yes, it will do."

Sims Reeves (whose voice at that time was absolutely incomparable) gave the song a prominent place in his repertory. He quickly sang it into popularity—a popularity which was not altogether confined to English speaking countries, for on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Paris for the exhibition of 1869, at a concert which was given in his honor English musical art was represented by two pieces. Those pieces were a trio from Balfe's opera "Falstaff," and "Come Into the Garden, Maud." The reception given by the Parisians to the latter, which was sung by Mr. Joseph Maas, indicated that the melody was almost as well known in France as in England.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Pious Man of Blood and Iron.

Bismarck's numerous references to religion in speeches and letters bear the impress of sincerity. We cannot be surprised that to the public his Christian convictions were not always as prominent as national considerations and political motives, nor is it strange that those whom his policy hurt denounced him inconsistent or even an atheist. His own rule is expressed in the words, "I cannot regard as a political friend or as an ally one who subordinates his evangelical confession to his politics." There are other proofs than those known to the public that religion is a deep and dominant characteristic of his heart.

During the writer's residence in Berlin he received the testimony of one near the chancellor and familiar with his views and life, a testimony not meant for the world, but to the effect that his religious convictions are devout and earnest. From another private source came a similar testimony. When about to start on the Austrian campaign in 1866, Bismarck desired to partake of the Lord's Supper. He preferred not to do this in church. That might look as if he wished to attract public attention. Therefore he took it at home, in the private circle of his family. The pastor who administered the communion felt sure that an inner need prompted Bismarck to celebrate the Lord's Supper at a time when it could not be foreseen who would return from the war.—Homiletic Review.

A Dinner at Lincoln's Inn.

You would be greatly amused to see our dinner at Lincoln's Inn. There are tables at the head of the room for the benchers, who are the old leaders of the bar, such as Lord Brougham, Lord St. Leonards, Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir Hugh Cairnes, etc. Next come tables for the barristers, of whom some 40 or 50 always are found at dinner. Next the students to the number of about 150, including your humble servant, all seated at long tables and dressed in stuff gowns, which the waiters throw over us in the antechamber before we enter the dining hall. To each four persons, who constitute a mess, the waiter serves a dinner composed of soup, one joint and vegetables, one sweet dish and cheese. A bottle of sherry or port at choice is allowed to each mess (fiery stuff it is) and bitter beer ad libitum. The charge for the dinner is 2 shillings. No one at mess helps another, but the etiquette is each in turn helps himself, one being first for soup, the next first for the joint and so on. One dines almost every day with some stranger, but the rule is that all are presumed to be gentlemen and conversation is at once established with entire abandon, as if the parties were old acquaintances. (London, February, 1866.)—Letter of Judah P. Benjamin in Sewanee Review.

There is to be seen at Schwarzenberg, in Saxony, a linden whose trunk is 25 feet in circumference, and two others at Schneeberg, one 16 feet and the other 14 feet in circumference.

If you stand a palm in the window, be careful that you turn the pot around every day, so that one side of the plant does not get the sole benefit of the sun's rays.

The hottest part of the globe is the great desert of Africa, where the thermometer registers 150 degrees F.

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CHICAGO, JULY 24, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Opera.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"A Trip to the City."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—McCaull Comic Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A COWARDLY AND OBNOXIOUS "LAW."

The chiefest privilege of a people entirely free is the right to keep and bear arms. This privilege was supposed to be secured to the people of the United States of America by the second amendment to the Federal Constitution which says explicitly:

"A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

And the 3d section of Article VI. of the Constitution declares as follows:

"This Constitution and the Laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance hereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or Laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

In addition, the Constitution of the State of Illinois, adopted in 1870, dealing with the militia question, has the following:

"The militia of the State of Illinois shall consist of *all* able bodied male persons residing in the State, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, except such persons as now are, or hereafter may be, exempted by the laws of the United States, or of this State."

The Legislature of Illinois on June 4, 1897, incorporated in the Military Code, Article IX., the following stringent, and, apparently, unconstitutional and revolutionary provisions:

"Section 2—It shall not be lawful for any body of men whatever, other than the regular (sic) organized volunteer militia of this State, Grand Army posts or camps of Sons of Veterans, the troops of the United States (sic), to associate themselves together as a military company or organization, or to drill or parade with arms in this State. And provided, further, that students in educational institutions where military drill is part of the course of instruction may, with the consent of the governor, drill and parade with arms in public, under command of their military instructor. Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed so as to prevent benevolent or social organizations from wearing swords.

"Section 3—Whoever offends against the provisions of the preceding section, or belongs to, or parades with, any such unauthorized body of men with arms, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding the sum of ten (10) dollars or be imprisoned in the common jail for a term not exceeding six months, or both."

It is difficult to conceive how any body of reasoning men, mostly born on American soil, could have stultified themselves by passing the foregoing obnoxious law, worthy of the reign of Russia in Poland and of England in Ireland. Has it come to this, then, that the creatures of the people will not, if they can help it, permit the people to keep and bear arms? Have we degenerated to the condition of a Russian or a British province?

The disarming act is also obnoxious, because it smacks strongly of class legislation. While some independent military, or semi-military, bodies are prohibited from appearing in arms others are granted that privilege. If this is not class legislation, we would like to know what else it can be called. A disarming act is odious in itself, but it is rendered more odious when it is made limited and partial instead of general and impartial. In passing such a law the legislature of Illinois permanently disgraced itself, and, in signing it, the governor displayed the qualities of a feeble statesman and a manikin despot.

Judging by its public acts, the legislature of Illinois, when it passed the foregoing outrageous enactments, was too busily engaged in casting anchors to the windward of Baron Yerkes to take any account of the fundamental rights of the people. What, in particular, were our Irish-American senators and representatives doing—they who suffered in their own persons, or whose fathers suffered under the disarming acts of England? Where was Fitzpatrick? Where was Mahoney? Where was O'Donnell? Where were O'Brien, and Morrison, and Dwyer, and Lyman? Where were they all? Why did they not lift up their earnest voices in denunciation of this mischievous legislation—aimed at the very foundations of American liberty? We understand that "a gentleman of color" fathered the restrictive enactment. More shame for him! Were it not for freemen's arms, in freemen's hands, he might, even now, be undergoing fifty lashes on the bare back for "lipping" an overseer, or else be sweating on an auction block, like a beast of burden for sale, in Louisiana or Alabama.

Every senator or representative who voted for that base enactment ought to be banished from political life, and so also should be the governor, recreant to his trust as the ruler of a supposedly free people, who signed it. The sections quoted burn a brand of indelible disgrace on the fair forehead of Illinois.

We are aware that the question of independent military bodies being permitted to carry arms, has been adversely decided against said bodies by the Supreme Court of Illinois (Justice Mulkey dissenting) in 1879; and that this decision was sustained by the United States Supreme Court in January, 1886. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts decided the same way in May, 1896; but there was an earlier decision in Kentukcy favorable to the independent military bodies, which, however, appears to have been disregarded. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that some means could be found for the presentation of a new phase of the question to the supreme tribunals, for, assuredly, to the average layman, who interprets the English language by the lexicon of common sense rather than that of casuistry, it does seem that the Constitution is specific enough in regard to the popular right to keep and bear arms. There is no constitutional provision whatever against the formation of independent military companies, and, if every man in this State, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, is, constructively, a militiaman, we cannot understand why he should be free to bear arms as an individual and debarred from that privilege while associated with others for amusement, exercise, or the acquirement of military knowledge. It seems in the highest degree absurd, and, should the restriction be persisted in, it cannot, in the end, fail to have a disastrous effect on the warlike spirit of the masses, from whom, in time of war, the bulk of the recruits must come.

If we, American citizens, are slaves, like the unfortunate Poles and Irish, we want to know it as soon as possible. This tampering with the fundamental rights of the American people is intolerable. Of whom are the lawmakers afraid?

We may say, in passing, that some of the local independent military organizations, notably the Clan-na-Gael Guards, were refused a place in the Logan Day parade because of the penal law referred to. The governor, in reply to a telegram, quoted the provisions of the enactment and added, "This law will be enforced." And yet this man, who already puts on the airs of an autocrat, is sprung from the "common people" of this state! Well, the "common people" of this state will remember it for him if he should be again a candidate in A. D. 1900. They will tan his hide.

The Kentucky case referred to above, which involved the right of a citizen to keep and bear arms, concealed or otherwise, was decided in Bliss vs. The Commonwealth, A.D. 1822, favorably to the plaintiff, the court holding, without dissent, that "the right of citizens to bear arms in defense of themselves or the state, must be possessed entire, and not only all legislative acts which purport to take it away, but all which diminish or infringe the right, as it existed when the Constitution was formed, are void." The court further held that the act prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons was also void; and added that when the Constitution gives the right to citizens to keep and bear arms, it is not the province of the court to determine where the line of demarcation between liberty and infringement should be drawn.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, C. J., of the Supreme Court of American common sense, sitting in banc, sustains the judgment of the Kentucky tribunal, and reverses and remands all judgments adverse to the right of the people to keep and bear arms.

DEATH OF REV. DR. BUTLER.

Chicago has lost many dearly beloved citizens of late years, but not one who will be missed more on its busy thoroughfares than that learned, kindly pure-souled priest, the Rev. Dr. Thaddeus J. Butler, pastor of St. John's Catholic church, who died suddenly in Rome on Friday of last week. Dr. Butler was among the most learned of the many learned Catholic divines of the United States—a fervid pulpit orator, a graceful writer on many subjects, and a vocalist almost without a peer on this continent. He was a zealous patriot in both the American and the Irish sense, and, as chaplain of the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, Col. Mulligan's famous regiment, he braved the deadly fire of the enemy, while administering spiritual consolation to the wounded and dying, on many a hard fought field. Everybody who knew "the Doctor," as he was familiarly called, regarded him with sincere affection, and he never passed any one of his acquaintance by without a warm handshake and a kind word. He was a typical patriarchal priest, in spirit and in manner, and a thoroughbred Irish gentleman, of the grand old courtly school of Ireland's braver and better days.

The news of the good doctor's sudden death came with a shock on this community, which had just begun to congratulate him on his elevation to the episcopate—a ceremony arranged for last Sunday in the Eternal City. But it was not the mitre but the cypress wreath that was laid on his cold brow at the very hour when he was to have been consecrated a bishop by the chosen representative of the Pope. This circumstance has lent additional sadness to his departure from this world, even though all who loved him feel confident that he has gone to his eternal reward in the kingdom of God's glory. The funeral services over his remains in Rome on Sunday were superb, many of the Cardinals and other great dignitaries being in attendance.

We find in the Times-Herald of last Sunday, the following graphic summary of the lamented clergyman's career:

Dr. Butler was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1833. From his early youth he displayed a predilection for the priesthood, and as soon as he had attained the requisite age he entered All Hollows college. Thence he went to the college of the propaganda in Rome and left it a doctor of divinity. Then he turned toward America. For a short time after his arrival he was the guest of Most Rev. Patrick Kenrick of Baltimore, primate of America, whom he had met in Rome during the council of 1854.

But he soon journeyed on to Chicago, which had been his destination from the first. The West was a great field for work in the church, he had been taught in Rome, and it was for work he wanted to enlist.

Bishop O'Reagan was at the head of the Chicago diocese. He seized upon the young ecclesiastic as a treasure, and forthwith Dr. Butler became professor of theology in the Seminary of St. Mary of the Lake. On the succession of Bishop Duggan to the Episcopal see, Dr. Butler was made secretary to the bishop and chancellor of the diocese.

Roman Catholics who lived in Chicago at that time are never tired of telling about the sensation created by the voice of this young priest. Most of them were Irish born, and they seemed to hear in the notes issuing from his throat the music of the mountain streams "at home." His singing lent new interest to the mass and to the celebration of the vesper service.

Just then the war broke out. The worshipful regard of cathedral parishioners and the promise of new honors in the church were all forgotten at the thought of men of his race and religion taking the hazard of battle with no priest near to offer spiritual consolation. When the gallant Mulligan went to the front, Dr. Butler went with him as chaplain of the regiment. He served under two enlistments and until the regiment was mustered out.

It was at Lexington, Mo., that Dr. Butler nearly paid with his life for daring military service. Through a mistake, in the heat of an engagement, a rebel field hospital had been fired on and a couple of wounded men had been killed. Shortly after Dr. Butler and William H. Winer, surgeon of the regiment, were captured. They were tried by drum-head court-martial and were sentenced, in retaliation for the hospital affair, to death. They were so certain that their last hours had come that they distributed their watches and what other trinkets they had among the negroes. Just as they were about to be led out and shot, an officer on Gen. Price's staff recognized Dr. Winer as an old schoolmate. His personal plea with the rebel commander secured a respite and eventually the priest and the surgeon were paroled.

On his return from the war, Dr. Butler was made pastor of the Immaculate Conception church, North Park avenue and Schiller street. He worked there until 1869. Then his eyesight commenced to fail and he went to Europe for treatment. His brother, Rev. Patrick J. Butler, was installed as his successor in the Immaculate Conception church, where he still is. Dr. Butler returned from Europe with his eyes improved, but his health was such that he felt unequal immediately to assume the duties of a pastorate. For a couple of years he remained in the parish residence attached to the Holy Name Cathedral, Superior and Cass streets, as the guest of Rev. P. M. Flannigan, then assistant pastor of the cathedral and one of Dr. Butler's earliest friends in Chicago.

'I shall never forget how Dr. Butler used to sing in those days,' said Father Flannigan. "He was a great vocalist—really a great artist, who would have had an international reputation as a singer if he had not been a priest. Every evening he used to sing to us, and such was the charm of his voice that Superior street would be filled with a crowd stretching half a block each way from the house. When he was in Germany he made the acquaintance of Franz Abt, the great song writer, who was so pleased with Dr. Butler's brilliant singing of Abt's songs that two of that master's best works were afterward dedicated to him. Pope Pius IX. was then alive, and he, too, had a fine voice, you know—almost the counterpart of Dr. Butler's voice. Dr. Butler used to imitate the pope's singing until we could almost imagine ourselves in the vatican.'

Dr. Butler had to go abroad again on account of his eyes, and did not return until 1875. Then he was sent to the parish at Rockford. There he exhibited another side of his character. He not only built up his own church, but became one of that city's most prominent and public-spirited citizens. Laymen of all denominations delighted in his friendship. He was held in such esteem that for years he was at the head of the public school board, and no public undertaking or movement for the general good was ever inaugurated without his co-operation being asked.

After ten years in Rockford Dr. Butler came back to Chicago, and in 1887 he assumed the pastorate of St. John's church, Clark and Eighteenth streets. He might have had a wealthier congregation, but he did not want it. As Father Flannigan, his old friend, says of him: 'He was a man of remarkable talents and of great learning. He was, too, a man of broad and liberal ideas, a cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word. With all that he was a fervent Catholic and the very highest type of a hard-working, conscientious, faithful priest.'

Dr. Butler was happy in his life of parish guardian. His great attainments were not permitted to rust, though, for want of use. He was looked to, it can be said without exaggeration, as the authority of the diocese on all questions of church doctrine and church law, and for years—ever since he gave up active teaching, in fact—he served as the official examiner of the clergy.

Dr. Butler was not an ambitious man, in that sense of the word which implies selfishness. He liked to be helpful, but he did not care for honors. During the last decade of his life he made few appearances in public outside of his own pulpit. Those few occasions were usually on March 4, when his compatriots are wont to meet in Central Music hall and celebrate the memory of Robert Emmet.

The election of Dr. Butler recently to the vacant see of Concordia, Kan., was a voluntary tribute from the church authorities to his attainments and powers. He did not seek it. If the truth were known it is probable that he would have preferred to remain as pastor of St. John's where he could gather round him his old friends and sing to them, for the exercise of his art apparently gave him as much pleasure as it did to his listeners. But he was called and he obeyed.

The memorial services for Dr. Butler, held in St. John's church on Wednesday morning, were most imposing, and were sought to be attended by an enormous concourse of people, not a moiety of whom could find room in that capacious sacred edifice. The Mayor, Gen. Brooke, Col. Turner and Col. Kavanaugh and a number of staff officers, representatives of several military, benevolent and patriotic organizations, occupied front seats. The sanctuary was crowded by local and visiting clergymen. The office of the dead was chanted by the Rev. P. M. Flannigan and the Rev. E. A. Kelly. The high mass of requiem was sung by the Rev. P. T. Butler, brother of the deceased prelate-elect. He was assisted by the Revs. Thomas F. Cashman, Thomas Pope Hodnett and Dominick Egan. The obituary sermon was eloquently delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland. We regret that want of space obliges us to omit the Archbishop's splendid tribute to his departed friend.

JUDGE MORRISON'S APPOINTMENT.

THE CITIZEN is sincerely glad to announce that the Hon. A. L. Morrison, formerly of Chicago, and now of Santa Fe, has been appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the territory of New Mexico. We cordially congratulate our distinguished and eloquent friend on his appointment. In honoring Judge Morrison, the McKinley administration has done honor to itself.

MONSIGNOR CONATY.

The Pope has done high honor to the Catholic University of America by raising its able and distinguished Rector, Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., to the dignity of Monsigner. The honor came upon Dr. Conaty as a surprise—a pleasant surprise, of course—because he is still comparatively young, and had no previous intimation of the dignity in store for him, which is credited quite as much to his own great merit, as a churchman and an educator, as to the friendship and admiration of the leading prelates of the Eternal City. Pope Leo is well acquainted with the new Monsignor's brilliant career, and, in appointing him a Domestic Prelate of the Vatican, has fittingly emphasized his regard for the able Irish-American priest.

THE CITIZEN has particular delight in noticing the elevation of Dr. Conaty, because he has always been a thorough-going Irish Nationalist, and has frequently taken a leading part in movements calculated to benefit the motherland. Although under fifty, his soft, silver gray hair, quite abundant, makes him, at a distance, look older than his years; but, on nearer approach, the flashing dark eyes, strong yet benevolent features and clear, ruddy complexion proclaim him a man in the prime of his strength and usefulness. He is about six feet in stature and of straight athletic build. In fact, he is a thorough type of the sturdy and intellectual churchman—such as Ireland gave to Europe in the earlier ages of Christianity.

Monsignor Conaty was born on Irish soil in August, 1847, and came to the United States when very young. He entered Montreal college in December, 1863, and left it in 1867 to enter Holy Cross college, Worcester, where he graduated in 1869. He returned to Montreal for theology and was ordained in December, 1872. His first seven years of priesthood were spent at St. John's church, Worcester, as assistant to Mgr. Griffin. In January, 1880, he was appointed pastor of the parish of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, where he remained till last November. In January, 1889, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Georgetown college, at its centennial.

Dr. Conaty was National Treasurer of the first American Land League, and by his great organizing ability and eloquence contributed to the growth of the movement on American soil. The success of the summer school is due in a great measure to him. He served for many terms as president and was instrumental in purchasing the summer school site at Plattsburg, N. Y. In total abstinence circles he was a prominent worker, and was vice-president and president of the C. T. A. U. of America. In his own city he was elected to public office, being a member of the Worcester Board of Education from 1873 to 1887 and a Trustee of the Free Public Library for six years.

DEATH OF J. J. O'BRIEN.

We deeply deplore the untimely death of our friend J. J. O'Brien, of San Francisco, Cal., which occurred suddenly, at his country residence, last week. He was a native of the county of Tipperary, Ireland, and came to America during the Fenian troubles, in which he bore a part. Settling in California, he established mammoth dry goods houses in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and was reputed to be one of the richest merchants in the Golden State. He was an Irish Nationalist of the Wolfe Tone and Mitchel school, knowing no compromise. He leaves a widow and several children.

COL. BOB INGERSOLL says "the miners must either strike or starve." The Colonel is usually right—on temporal matters.

THE CITIZEN sympathizes with the miners in their strike for living wages, but it urges them to maintain a law-abiding attitude and refrain from any act that might serve as an excuse to suppress their movement by military force.

THE Congress of the United States stuck on sugar—the Legislature of Illinois on "soap."

PERHAPS Gov. Tanner, in his zeal for the Illinois disarming act, may say, as certain judges have said, "The Constitution of the United States be tanned!"

"OUIDA" claims that good English can be preserved only by sinking America in the ocean, together with sundry other countries. The Boston Pilot suggests that one effective way to save the English language would be to have "Ouida" stop writing. Very good, Brother Roche.

THE No. 1 and No. 2 Gaelic athletic teams of Lawrence, Mass., recently played a match game which astonished the natives, and is said to have been one of the best ever witnessed in New England. No. 1 finally won by one point only.

NOW's the time to advertise Alaska as a summer resort. The land agents say that there is $70,000,000 worth of gold "in sight." But you must go after it with a pick and spade.

AMONG the distinguished warriors of the great Sioux War of 1876 who have recently obtained promotion may be mentioned Col. Anson Mills, advanced to the grade of brigadier-general and retired; Lieut.-Colonels Henry E. Noyes, Guy V. Henry and William H. Powell promoted to colonelcies.

THE Clan-na-Gael Guards would be good enough to fight, if the country were threatened; but they are not good enough, it would seem, to march in procession, when a pack of blue-bellied politicians desire to exhibit their bad horsemanship in public.

REPEAL the Russian Military Code of Illinois. It was conceived in darkness and born in iniquity.

THERE must be something very rotten in the government of this state when the governor and legislature are afraid to allow the people to form military companies independently.

THE Logan Monument parade afforded an excellent chance for the display, on horseback, of a large and varied assortment of political cadavers.

T. P. O'CONNOR says that arbitration with England will not succeed in America while the Irish question remains unsettled. We doubt if it would succeed even then, Mr. O'Connor. America having had previous dealings with England, knows how to sup with the devil with a long spoon.

JOHN E. REDMOND, M. P., states that five Irish political prisoners still remain in English penitentiaries, and that all are either insane or imbecile from harsh treatment.

THE Grand Army, the regulars and the militia looked well in the Logan Mounment procession, but the array would have looked better still had not blue-bellied bigotry, literally enforced by small bore Tanner, excluded the magnificent regiment of Clan-na-Gael Guards from the line. American liberty! American fiddlestick!

REMEMBER the Cook county A. O. H. annual picnic at Columbia Park next Sunday, July 25.

JOHN A. LOGAN was a good man and a brave soldier, but how he would laugh at some of the "generals," "colonels" and "captains," invented by Bill Harper, in his "honor."

COLLECTOR RUSSELL and family are at Mackinaw.

PRESIDENT CLARKE, of the Hibernian Bank, is to be married to Miss English, of Ohio, in the fall.

PATRICK MCHUGH, an Irish member of parliament, was expelled from the British parliament the other day for merely telling the truth. If he had told lies, he could have kept his seat.

JOHN DILLON, M. P., should throw the English Whigs utterly overboard and declare himself independent. He ought to know by this time that even a quasi-alliance with the Whigs is fatal to Irish interests.

THAT grim and gory veteran, with the scars of a hundred battles on his manly countenance, who rode with the staff of Gen. Brooke at the Logan affair, was not "Paddy Miles," of jubilee fame, but Col. Arthur Dixon of Chicago.

DON'T imagine that the long-legged, rawboned, baldheaded citizen, who acted as if he owned the Logan monument, is the President of the United States or the sculptor, St. Gaudens. He is only Bill Harper, who occasionally rides a mule on the boulevards.

WE congratulate Secretary Sherman on having drawn upon himself the whole fire of the London Billingsgate editors, because he rebuked England's duplicity in the Behring Sea matter. There is life in the old man yet, but he ought to keep away from the refrigerator.

MR. JOHN O'BRIEN, a leading Irish-Australian, long resident in Sydney, is in this city visiting his nephew, Mr. Richard P. Bluett. He has been thirty-three years at the antipodes and ten years longer than that period absent from Ireland. Mr. O'Brien is en route to his native land. He hails from historic Limerick.

WE regret to announce that the venerable ex-Senator James R. Doolittle, of Wis., is seriously ill at Providence, R. I.

GEN. BROOKE, grand marshal of the Logan parade, estimated that 20,000 men were in the line of march. There were, probably, a million spectators, or at least, a million people who tried to see the parade and the ceremonies at the unveiling.

FOR THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

THE BARRING OF THE GREEN.

Lines addressed to Major James J. Reilly, of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, on the refusal of Gov. Tanner to allow the battalion to parade on Logan Day:

Oh, Major dear, an' did you hear the news that's lately come?
Your Irish boys are held unfit to march to Yankee drum!
For Tanner and the boodle crew, with malice sly and keen,
Have banished from our martial rolls the Boys who wear the Green!

When Logan led the Fifteenth Corps before Atlanta town,
Did any of the Boys in Blue surpass you in renown?
And he, your gallant leader, in battle's shock serene,
Remembered that, in '98, his father wore the Green!

The Ninetieth of Illinois and Tenth of Ohio—
They never paled in battle's blast, nor bent to any foe!
Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan, we've seen
Send blithely, under Logan's lead, the Boys who wore the Green!

There's Meagher, Shields and Sheridan, whose names can never die;
They loved the Banner of the Stars and matched it with the sky!
Tom Smythe and gallant Mulligan gave up their lives, I ween,
Because they worship'd Freedom's Flag that flew beside the Green!

But since the piping times of peace have come upon the land,
Where once stood truth and bravery now hate and boodle stand!
The Flag that oft o'er heroes waved, now bigots use to screen
The spite and malice of their hearts toward all who love the Green!

Yet better days will dawn again in lovely Illinois,
When Yankee hands and Yankee hearts will greet each Irish boy:
Should foreign foes assail our shores what color would be seen
Still waving with Columbia's stars? Old Ireland's gallant Green!

HEREMON.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

MR. LUKE HAYDEN, M. P.

By the death of Mr. Luke Hayden, says United Ireland, his country has lost one of those noble-hearted sons whom she can ill spare at the present juncture. Genial in disposition, kindly and generous in character, no truer Nationalist, and no more determined supporter of principle, ever represented an Irish constituency. The very inception of the Land League struggle found him not only in full sympathy with the people's claims, but actively engaged in the press and on the platform in building up the great movement which was destined to work out their emancipation from landlord slavery. Roscommon was one of the very first counties in Ireland to take up the Land League fight, and the spirit has remained there unbroken even to the present day. During the whole struggle Luke Hayden was its inspiring genius. Wherever oppression reared its head, where a landlord tyrant had to be faced, or a suffering tenant required assistance, he was never absent. Every eviction scene, every attempt at suppressing public meetings, every baton charge, and every prosecution of the long coercion regime of the Spencers, the Trevelyans, the Balfours and the Morleys found him at his post in the popular ranks among his own fellow-countrymen. The bold spirit which he showed earned for him the distinction of an early arrest under Forster's Coercion Act.

In June, 1881, he was arrested as a suspect in company with some of the leading merchants of Roscommon and conveyed to Galway jail. Among the many men whom the Irish government marked out at the time for imprisonment and persecution there was not one who faced the ordeal with more cheerfulness of spirit than Luke Hayden of Roscommon, and when at the end of eight months he was again restored to his home and his friends he lost not a day in giving fresh proof of his devotion to the popular cause. He was as active in building up the National League as he had been in the days of the Land League, and when in 1886 and 1887 the plan of campaign movement opened up a fresh feature of the agrarian struggle he was immediately among the most active of its supporters. At the general election of 1885, Mr. Hayden was elected for South Leitrim, and again for the same constituency in 1886. When the division came in the parliamentary ranks no man held more firmly by Parnell, and no county gave better proof of devotion to Parnell's leadership than the County Roscommon. When in 1892 an attack was made on every member who held by Parnell at the time of the split, Mr. Hayden contested South Roscommon with Dr. Commins, over whom he secured an easy victory. Later on, at the general election of 1895, Mr. John Dillon was pressed to try conclusions with him in the hope that his former popularity in the county might carry him to victory. But he came off with no better result. Mr. Hayden was not only returned by an overwhelming majority, but the northern division of the county restored Mr. James J. O'Kelly to his old position as well.

For nine successive years Mr. Hayden held the position of chairman of the town commission of Roscommon, and there was no movement of a national or an industrial character in his native county that he was not an active supporter of. In the land agitation he always took a most prominent part, and the farmers of Roscommon and the country at large have lost in him an earnest and devoted advocate. Even during the latter days of Mr. Morley's administration his staunch support of the evicted tenants of Lord DeFreyne won him a prosecution at the hands of the so-called Home Rule government, and the immediate cause of his death may be attributed to a meeting which he attended only a few weeks ago to denounce land grabbing, when his health was by no means in a condition to warrant his undertaking such a duty. For the past twelve months almost Mr. Hayden was in declining health, but he struggled against his malady with all that resolute determination for which he was so remarkable among his colleagues and his friends. Since the opening of the present session he was unable to give any attendance in parliament. But occasionally he rallied a good deal, and high hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery when a few weeks ago a relapse was brought on by his attending a public meeting at Cross Roads in his own constituency.

In Mr. Hayden's death Ireland has good reason to deplore the loss of a genial and gifted son, and his colleagues and those who have been associated with him in the National movement, one whom it was an honor and a pleasure to have known, who combined the soft-heartedness of a woman with the unflinching determination of a true soldier whenever duty or patriotism called for his services.

The Roscommon Messenger gives the following summary of Mr. Hayden's obsequies: "Mass was celebrated by Monsignor McLaughlin on Thursday morning in the room where he died and beside his remains, which, on that evening were removed to the parish church where they lay at night. On Friday morning solemn requiem mass was offered up in the presence of a large congregation, the celebrant being the Rev. J. Keane; deacon, Rev. T. Cummins; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Corcoran, and master of ceremonies, Rev. P. Hill, Cork. At 2 o'clock the funeral started for the family burial place in Derrane and was of large dimensions and most representative character, being a tribute far greater than could be described by pen to the feelings entertained by the public for the deceased. At his graveside, where the Right-Rev. Monsignor McLaughlin, assisted by the Rev. P. Hill, officiated, many and heartfelt were the prayers offered up for one whom so many loved. Among the clergy present at his funeral were Venerable Archdeacon McLoughlin, P. P. V. G. Very Rev. J. Corcoran, Rev. T. Cummins, C. C.; Rev. J. Keane, C. C.; Rev. P. Hill, Cork; Brother Paul Luttrall, Monastery, Farraher; Rev. B. Donnellan, P.P. May his soul rest in peace."

Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler has not been chosen by the Parnellites to fill the Roscommon vacancy. His candidacy would have had the support of John E. Redmond, but the local Parnellites selected John Hayden, a brother of the member who died, to stand in the Parnellite interest. Mr. Dillon will not put up a candidate against Hayden because Hayden is a home-ruler of Parnell's old guard. He will be unopposed. Chanler was not named at the convention, it being seen that the local people were firm for Hayden. But Chanler's appearance in the British parliament will be only a matter of time if Redmond can manage to get him elected.

MIRACULOUS MUD.

Found at the Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind., Cures Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder, Blood, Skin and Nervous Diseases.

Big Hotel Has Been Erected and People Are Journeying There From All Over the Country to Bathe in the Mud.

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OF COOK COUNTY

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SUNDAY, JULY 25,

AT

COLUMBIA PARK,

On Santa Fe Rail oad.

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Boating and Fishing, Games, Races, Military Drills, Dancing Contests, Band Concerts, Vocal Concerts. Refreshments Served on the Grounds.

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First Train leaves Polk street Depot over Western Indiana Railroad at 9:30 a. m. sharp; stopping as follows: Archer avenue, Thirty-first street, Thirty-ninth street, Forty-third street, Forty-ninth and Halsted streets, and Forty-ninth and Ashland avenue Stations. Second Train leaves Santa Fe Depot, Polk street, at 10:30 a. m., stopping at Twenty-third street and Archer avenue, and Deering street and Western avenue. Third Train will leave Depot at 1:30 p. m., same route as first train. Returning, First Train leaves grounds at 6:30 p. m.

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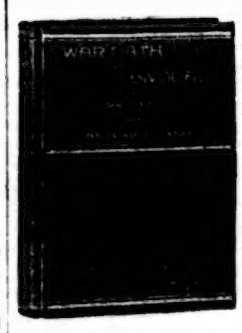

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A SONG OF BATTLES.

Of fighting stock it is I come.
On many a field my forbears fell.
The funeral march, the muffled drum,
Sounded my father's knell.
Where steel could do or valor dare
The past beheld my forbears there.

Of fighting stock it is I come.
A soldier's blood runs in my veins.
What though mounts up misfortune's sum,
My heart fresh courage gains.
In sorrow's sickness, pain's despite,
'Gainst heaviest odds I still do fight.
—Ella Fuller Maitland in London Spectator.

LOVE FOUND A WAY.

Magdalena's appointment as teacher at the normal school was not received with unalloyed joy. Her relatives and friends congratulated her on every side. She had reached the goal for which she had worked so hard. Though the positon paid a fair salary and the young girl's work would be comparatively light, her own heart was filled with anxious forebodings. The night after receiving the glad tidings she cried herself to sleep, only to wake up in the morning with a prayer of thanksgiving for the boon. It was fortunate for Magdalena that no one knew of her inward struggles, and on the day of her departure for her new home no one seemed happier than the young teacher.

On the second morning after her arrival she reported for duty at the school. Her manner was dignified, her smile amiable, her whole attitude that of a timid young girl, yet the director of the school and her colleagues looked rather startled as she set foot among them.

Magdalena was tall and slender. Unconscious grace was revealed in every line of her willowy figure. Dark blond tresses covered her shapely head and framed a high bred, intellectual face of purest oval. Brown eyes of wonderful brilliancy, shaded by long dark lashes, gave exceeding softness to the otherwise serious mien.

Magdalena was the youngest among her colleagues, and to her it seemed only natural that the older women should hold aloof until she had been with them for a time. Dr. Stephany, one of the younger male teachers, who filled the post of assistant principal, appeared to be the leader of the social status of the school. He was gifted with a tongue that lent itself to graceful flattery, which he never failed to apply at the proper time and place.

From the outset the young teacher was not favorably impressed with the auburn haired Adonis, whose cold, steel gray eyes rested upon her more often than she liked. Even the director seemed to be under the hypnotic influence of his assistant, though Magdalena was impressed with confidence in her superior. He was a lover of children. His own four daughters graced just that number of rooms and were beloved by their teachers. Rose, the youngest, was in Magdalena's class. Like a warm and friendly sunbeam she stole herself into the teacher's heart. The principal had another fad—he loved flowers and his big Newfoundland dog, which he called Signor.

Signor was the pet of the school. He lay quietly like a sentinel outside the door of the room in which his master taught. It was said of Signor that he was the thermometer of his master's sentiments. He evinced fondness for the scholars the director praised and remained indifferent toward those who stood less high in his estimation.

A room was set aside for the use of the teachers during the noonday recess, and in this Signor was a welcome visitor. Magdalena, who was not partial to dogs, paid little attention to Signor. Instinctively the dog knew this. Friendly toward all, he sulked and growled in her presence. Dr. Stephany more than the rest was on the most intimate terms with the principal's Signor, while his conduct toward the young teacher was either cold to the point of freezing or insinuatingly confidential. When in the latter mood, Magdalena always repulsed him with dignified coldness, but all her efforts to establish more cordial relations with the other teachers remained fruitless. In the end they took almost as little notice of her as Signor.

Magdalena had found a pleasant home in the house of an elderly woman who regarded the beautiful young girl with motherly affection. Her duties, too, grew easier as the novelty of her position wore away. Her class was composed of 11-year-old girls whom she instructed in history, geography and religion. The children loved her, and her desk was never without a rich garnishment of floral tributes. Her lessons were easily prepared, because she loved her work and the little candidates for wisdom. In her leisure hours she painted and read, thus shaping her life as pleasantly as she could amid strangers.

One afternoon at the close of school Magdalena, laden down with flowers, wended her way home. Behind her sauntered a young man. Tall riding boots and a sportsman's cap gave a distingue air to the pedestrian. From the arms of the girl dropped a bunch of flowers. The young man picked up the straggling posies and hastened after their owner.

"Magda!" he cried as he stepped forward, lifting his cap and holding out his empty hand.

"Fred!" Joyful surprise rang in her voice.

Explanations followed. Magdalena informed Fred of her appointment as teacher at the county normal school. Fred explained that he was superintendent of a large stock farm in the neighborhood. They stood and chatted until almost evening, and Magdalena was suddenly called back to the present by Dr. Stephany's commanding form as he passed the two on his way to the school.

Fred Stimson was her half brother almost. They had grown up together, had gone to school together and had only been separated latterly. Now that he was near her again she felt that she had one friend with whom she could discuss her large and small troubles.

When Magdalena entered the teachers' room the next afternoon, the conduct of her colleagues toward her was even more coldly repulsive than heretofore. It took all her womanly dignity to bear in silence the strange, almost bitter attitude of her colaborers. In the evening when she reached her home she found on her little table a letter from Frederick. It was full of joy at having found her again. He said that he would henceforth so direct his visits to town that he would meet her at the close of school, "just to pick up the flowers you lose on the way," the young fellow wrote.

Frederick made good his promise within the next few weeks several times. He told her that he needed her advice in more than one undertaking. He spoke of his relations to the family of his employer, which were exceedingly pleasant. Especially was he impressed with the young daughter of the house, and ere long he confessed to being quite smitten with her, and she with him. Thus it happened that Magdalena's colleagues saw her more than once stroll through the streets of the little town and out into the country with the handsome young man. When Frederick had larger commissions to make, he drove to town in his buggy, and it needed but little pressing on his part to persuade the young teacher to drive with him. She had so little pleasure from day to day her position at the school seemed to become more untenable, and she was young withal and loved the enjoyments of youth.

When at sundown Frederick drove up to her house to set down his young companion, Dr. Stephany, accompanied by several teachers, passed by on the other side of the street. Magdalena bowed politely. The doctor barely lifted his hat in return for her salute, the women absolutely ignored her. Their cold, disapproving glances spoke louder than words.

Magdalena struggled to keep the tears back. Their attitude, indifferent at first, now became almost hostile. During the intermission the director of the school came into the room and asked her to accompany him to his office.

The young girl blushed over this new humiliation. A glance from Dr. Stephany's steely eyes told her what this request meant.

Her relations with Frederick were the cause of the disturbance. They were the talk of the town, the directors said, and he must ask her to take better care of her reputation.

Magdalena was deeply hurt. The experienced schoolman had expected a humble confession from his young charge. Instead she looked straight into his eyes, her own beaming with insulted pride. She assured him by her honor that neither she nor Fred was in love with each other; that he was her foster brother, her playmate, and that she had thought no harm could come from her casual meetings in the streets of the little town with him. She promised to forego the pleasure of any more drives, a harmless liberty she had taken without giving the matter any thought.

The director declared himself satisfied with her explanation and dismissed her from his presence. The poor girl recognized that her path would be more thorny than ever now, and that even the enjoyment of Fred's occasional meetings with her must be sacrificed.

It required all her fortitude to again face her colleagues after this last rebuff. Sick at heart and greatly disturbed in mind, Magdalena found it difficult now to fulfill her duties. Another circumstance added fuel to her already great discouragement. The director and Dr. Stephany now came to her classroom at unexpected moments. It was more than her overwrought nerves could bear. Being embarrassed, she made blunders. They were slight indeed, but her own warped imagination magnified them a hundredfold. She had given to her enemies a new weapon. They would charge her with incompetency.

During the noon recess, when, as usual, the entire force of the institution was gathered in the teachers' room, Magdalena was more isolated than ever. Not a work was spoken to the lonely young girl, but Signor, the dog, was petted and fondled by all. In her present condition of extreme nervousness her aversion to the dog increased to positive hatred. Twice within the next week the director and Dr. Stephany came unannounced into her room. Their appearance almost paralyzed her faculties and made it difficult for her to fulfill her task. Sleep refused to come to her tired eyes at night, and when toward morning she fell into a feverish slumber horrible dreams of persecution frightened her back into wakefulness. The dog was always the chief actor in her dreams. He was always in her way. He barred egress and ingress. The portals of happiness, of love, of peace were made impassable by his presence.

The old friendly intercourse with Frederick suffered much by the young girl's misery. She avoided her former playfellow whenever she could because she had not the heart to tell him of the unjust criticism their casual strolls had excited. When they did meet, she was no longer the bright, cheerful companion of yore. She was morose and silent, and Frederick's accounts of his jolly adventures no longer awakened an echo in her breast. Young Stimson, though, was not the man to be repulsed by what he called her moods. He believed her to be tired and weary with the work of the schoolroom as the session drew to an end.

One day he pressed her more earnestly than ever to tell him what troubled her. For the nonce, the girl, overflowing with bitterness, threw off the restraint and told him excitedly of all her sufferings, the bickerings, the coldness of her colleagues. Frederick was deeply distressed. For the moment he had forgot all about Bertha, the pretty daughter of his wealthy employer. He saw only the girl whose sympathetic nature had been so much to him in the last few weeks. He had eyes and ears only for her beauty and her distress. He would not consent to a separation. He would not be deprived of her friendship. She was his anchor, the only thing of value in his life.

The words fell like balm on her wounded heart. Strangely satisfied and quieted, Magdalena returned to her home. Peaceful thoughts filled her tired brain when she lay down to rest that night, and for the first time in many weary days she slept soundly.

The next school day, too, was more uneventful than had been the case of late. She wasn't disturbed by a visit from the authorities. Fresh courage filled her heart. When she sought the teachers' room at noon, she found it empty. It was a happy surprise, and without questioning the cause she threw herself into a chair, rested her head against the wall and closed her eyes.

She may have sat thus for ten minutes when she was startled by the snarling of a dog. Signor, her enemy, stood there. Beside herself with fear, she jumped to her feet and with an angry gesture pushed the brute away. Signor barked fiercely and retreated.

"Come here, Signor. Poor, dear Signor!" It was Dr. Stephany's voice. With a sarcastic, withering smile he stood in the door.

The next morning Magdalena was ill. Her cheeks burned feverishly, her temples ached and throbbed. She could not arise and sent word to the director that she was too ill to attend to her duties. All morning the girl writhed in pain, but toward noon she fell into a refreshing slumber. When she awoke, the bright afternoon sun flooded her pretty room. It bathed with its glorious light a magnificent bunch of La France roses on her table. Wearily the girl drew them to her and buried her face in the fragrant gift. A penciled note from Frederick was hidden in the thick of the flowers. They had been sent from the little hotel in the town.

"Something has happened to me, dearest Magda," he wrote, "and I must see you today. I cannot wait until I have told you all. At 7 I will drive through the forest. Arrange your evening walk so that I can meet you. Just once more, sweet one, come to me. I may not be here much longer."

Magdalena pressed her hands to her temples and read the letter a second time. She could not understand what he meant. Was he going to tell her about Bertha? Had he asked her to marry him and had she refused him?

The girl longed to go to her old playmate to console him, but how could she? She was ill, seriously so perhaps. It was impossible to go. When evening came, she gathered up all her strength and after all hastened out for the meeting with Frederick. She chose the lonely paths that led to the little grovelike park called the forest, for instinctively she shunned to meet the people who were out on this delightful summer evening. Suddenly familiar voices fell on her ear. They came from one of the gardens along the way, and before she had time to think of escape the growling bark of a dog filled her with fear.

"Signor!" called the high, fine treble of little Rose.

A moment later the big animal had cleared with a bound the hedge that separated him from the path in which the girl stood spellbound. The brute, conscious of her fear, tore her dress with his big teeth and beat her tender person with his paws. With a cry of despair Magdalena sank fainting to the ground. When little Rose ran out to see what the trouble was, she found her beloved teacher prone in the grass, her white face distorted with pain and pitiful to behold for the misery that was depicted in every line.

The child called loudly for help. The director and his wife came to the rescue, and soon the young girl was conveyed to her home in a carriage. Magdalena awoke to consciousness only after a week's illness that bordered on nervous prostration. During all that time Director Hart and his wife were most solicitous in behalf of the invalid. From her feverish lips they learned all the pent up misery that had harassed the young girl. She was unconscious of what she confessed to those who watched beside her, but the director's feelings were changed wonderfully in the brief space of a week, and the colleagues who had formerly treated her so coldly went about with anxious faces lest the illness of their colleague prove fatal.

It was a blessed illness indeed, despite the suffering it caused. The entire town rejoiced over Magdalena's recovery.

The most touching event in the young girl's period of convalescence was a letter from Frederick. It was not the missive of a boy, but the words of a man who wooed with all his soul the woman he loved, and Magdalena was that woman. His love for her became clear to him on the evening she gave vent to the misery she had so long concealed. On the night of her dreadful adventure he had waited with burning yearning to tell her of his love and to ask her to become his wife. A little inheritance which came to him just in the nick of time enabled him to buy a beautiful fruit farm. Would she be its mistress?

Few weeks of the session remained when Magdalena was able to return to her post at the school. They passed as in a dream to the young teacher, who now found herself beloved and tenderly treated by all.

Early in the autumn she was married to Fred and went with him to the pretty little cottage he had prepared for her coming.

Signor was banished forever from the schoolhouse in which he had made things so unpleasant for the little teacher. Dr. Stephany, who was transferred to another school, took him along to his new abode.—St. Louis Republic.

THE BLUFF FAILED.

BUT IT BROUGHT ABOUT THE DESIRED RESULT AT LAST.

The College Society Chapter That Was In Bad Repute — A Medal That Contained an Inscription — Poker and Bottled Refreshments.

"It frequently happens," said a college graduate, "that different chapters of the same Greek letter fraternity, situated at different colleges, develop different characteristics. All of these societies, I think, are organized to encourage literary pursuits. I mean that's what the constitutions say. As a matter of fact, the literary element is rather lost sight of in most cases in the stress of having a jolly good time. When convention time comes round, however, the chapters that have maintained their literary quality come to the fore, and the others have to put up a bluff by sending as delegates men who have high standing as scholars or else take a very back seat.

"The chapter to which I belonged was located at a country college, and in some way or other it had acquired a reputation in the fraternity of being essentially nonliterary, and, in fact, rather sporty in character. This was so much the case that in my junior year there was a movement on foot to expel or suspend our chapter from the fraternity. We weren't very strong in high stand men and couldn't even scare up two to go as delegates to the convention. Another man and myself were finally selected for this function as the most unsophisticated looking members of the chapter.

"As usual in such cases, a special train was made up to start from the westernmost chapter and to pick up as many of the other delegations as could be arranged on its way to the convention city. We were among the more remote chapters, and when we boarded the train there was only one other delegation on board, composed of three members. We sighed when we saw big boxes of bottled beer in the freight car and reflected on the elaborate instructions we had received from our constituents. We were primed for the occasion. My companion, Forbes, had a classical volume in each side pocket of his coat and there were ink stains on his fingers. I had borrowed from a classmate a medal given for scholarship, and this I had rather ostentatiously hung on my watch chain.

"We soon made the acquaintance of the other three delegates and joined them in their stateroom. Before long they proposed a game of poker, and one of them produced a pack of cards. Forbes said he didn't play, retired to a corner, pulled out a copy of Gladstone's 'Landmarks of Homeric Study' and after gazing thoughtfully out of the window for a moment or two apparently became absorbed in it. I admired his conception of the part, but I couldn't bring myself to break up the game, and that's what it meant, for everybody knows there's no fun in three handed poker. Besides, there were only three delegates on the train to witness my fall. I said I didn't play, but had seen the game and thought it looked interesting. I was willing to learn.

"When we got started, there was a demand for a buck, and I unhitched the scholarship medal and dropped it into the pot as a good means of calling attention to it. Everything went on swimmingly for awhile. I had outrageous luck and won pot after pot, so they were confirmed in the idea that I was a beginner. After awhile one of the other delegates got away with a jack pot, and while he was waiting for the cards to be dealt he picked up the medal and glanced carelessly at the obverse side. I hadn't examined it particularly, but I found out afterward that it bore this neat inscription: 'Garrett J. Gardner, Weymouth University, Class of '87.'

"The delegate started and looked at me with a glance that was first mystified and then suspicious.

"'I beg your pardon, Brother Gardner,' he said, with a touch of sarcasm. 'I thought you said your name was Hawkins, and we've all been calling you that right along.'

"There was a smothered guffaw from behind the 'Landmarks of Homeric Study,' and I saw the jig was up. We made a clean breast of it, and Forbes sat into the game, making it five handed, which, of course, is the ideal game. We didn't lose any time sending forward for a consignment of that bottled beer, and the floor was strewn with dead Indians when the train filled up with other delegates, and they crowded around to watch the game.

"Our elaborate bluff hadn't worked, and the convention opened with our chapter in just as bad odor as before, but we had made stanch supporters of the three delegates and some other kindly spirits who had joined us on the train. They all went to work like beavers, and when our case was taken up in the convention we had a good working majority which sustained our charter with a whoop."—New York Sun.

Must Have Been Very Bad.

In this day of slang and slipshod English it is quite refreshing to find one home in which our mother tongue is appreciated and sins against its purity duly resented.

That there is at least one such was made evident in a quarrel which took place in a literary household between the two youngest inmates—a quarrel, like most childish differences, soon over, but fierce while it lasted.

When his wrath had reached its height, the small son of the house, quivering with anger, sought for language to denounce his sister, who had been the aggressor.

"You bad," he burst forth, stamping a stubby shoe; "you bad, you bad"—Words failed him. Then with a flash of truly literary inspiration he concluded, "You bad grammar, you!"—Youth's Companion.

HAD NO FAITH IN PHYSIC.

Queen Elizabeth Might Have Lived Longer Had She Taken Medicine.

Of the efficacy of physic Queen Elizabeth had always been skeptical. Now, 10 or 12 physicians came to the palace, each promising, "with all manner of asseveration," "her perfect and easy recovery" if she would follow a simple course of treatment. But they spoke in vain. Nor could the protests of councilors, divines and waiting women induce her to accept medical assistance. Her melancholy was "settled and irremovable," and she had no wish to prolong it by lengthening out her life. She only broke silence to murmur, "I am not sick, I feel no pain and yet I pine away." She was asked whether she had any secret cause of grief. She replied that she knew of nothing in the world worthy of troubling her. At length by force (it is said) she was lifted from the cushions and put to bed. Her condition underwent no change. Gradually those about her realized that "she might live if she would use means," but that she would not be persuaded, and princes, as they tearfully acknowledged, cannot be coerced. Nevertheless, until the third week they looked forward to a renewal of her old vivacity and the dispersal of her lethargy. But during the week it was perceived that the ground she had lost could only be recovered by miracle.

On Wednesday, March 23, her councilors entered her bedchamber to receive her last instructions. She had none to give. The archbishop and bishops offered up prayer at her bedside and she derived some comfort from their ministrations. In the evening she sank into a quiet sleep, such as she had sought without avail for nearly a month. She never woke again. "About 3 o'clock in the morning of March 24 she departed this life, mildly like a lamb, easily like a ripe apple from the tree." When she was examined after death, her physicians reported that "she had a body of firm and perfect constitution, likely to have lived many years." Death was, in fact, prepared to the last to bargain with her for a few more years of life, but his terms implied an enfeeblement of those faculties on whose unrestricted exercise her queenly fame seemed to her to depend. By refusing to be party to the truce she invited her overthrow, but she never acknowledged herself vanquished. She made no will, she bestowed no gift on any of the faithful attendants who wept beside her deathbed, and she declined to guide her council in the choice of a successor.—Cornhill Magazine.

A PLACE FOR FIFTY.

A Statesman Who Found a Use For the Earnings of His Pen.

"I recall a pleasant incident in the life of the late Representative Harter of Ohio," said an Ohio man the other day. "I was at his apartments one evening at the hotel where he lived during his first term in congress and was in the reception room with several friends while he was working in his office at the far end of the suit of rooms. Presently he came out among us laughing and holding in his hand a check.

"'Oh,' he said to us, 'I am literary, as well as you are, and here's a check for $50 I have just got from a magazine for an article that I wasn't expecting to get anything for.'

"'I told him I was not that literary, for I couldn't sell one article for $50, and we laughed and chatted awhile about it, Mr. Harter insisting that he wasn't a writer for money, but for the sake of presenting his views to the world.

"'I don't know what to do with the check,' he said and turned to his wife. 'Do you need it?' he asked her.

"She told him she did not, though most women would have had use for it quick enough, and he stood irresolute for a moment with the check in his hand, then he smiled radiantly.

"'I know somebody who does want it,' he said, nodding at his wife as if she never would see it again. 'I received a letter from the pastor of a little Lutheran church—Mr. H. was a zealous Lutheran—away out in Missouri, who is having a very hard time to get along and keep body and soul together, asking me if I couldn't do something. I can send him this check.' And he danced away with it as joyously as a schoolboy with a plaything, and in a minute or two the check, duly indorsed and accompanied by a letter, was waiting for the postman to start it on its mission of charity, and I have often wondered what the business manager of that magazine thought when he found that check to the order of M. D. Harter coming back to New York from a little country bank in Missouri."—Washington Star.

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HERMITS OF GREECE.

RELIGIOUS RECLUSES WHO LIVED IN HOLES IN THE CLIFFS.

They Depended Wholly Upon Charity For Their Sustenance and Remained Always In Their Aerial Caves—The Monastery of St. Stephens.

One of the most curious scenes on the Thessalian frontier is to be found at Kalibaki, some 50 miles by rail above Trikhala. The town lies on a plain which is backed by the extraordinary rocks of Meteora, rising precipitously to a great height and commanding the marked attention of travelers. In places the cliffs ascend like a wall to a height of 2,000 feet. They are rough, free from verdure and disfigured by innumerable holes and caves all over their face.

It is these caves and remains of monkish dwellings in them that give the rocks of Meteora the strange, almost prehistoric appearance that has made them famous.

There are several monasteries at Kalibaki. The largest is St. Stephen's.

Unlike the other monasteries, this is reached by a drawbridge thrown across a yawning chasm. This is one of the largest of the monasteries of Meteora and has a guest chamber especially fitted up for visitors—that is to say, there are three iron beds in it, and it is only courteous to surmise that the wadded coverlet and single sheet that go to make up a Greek bed once were new.

The hegoumenos is most hospitable. He gives his visitors excellent monastic wine, a dinner of many weird courses and is himself very good company. As usual, there are two churches in this monastery, the smaller of the two possessing some very fair ikons set in beautifully carved frames, and one very old picture, dated 387.

The large church consists of a nave, antechapel, with the body of the church under the dome, which is decorated with the usual half length figure of Christ. Here are seen some of the inlaid ivory and mother of pearl stools and lecturns which at one time were the staple work of the Meteora monks.

All the manuscripts of any value have been removed to Athens. A long building at the right of the bridge contains the cells of the monks, which open into a dark covered corridor. In time of war these monasteries are used as places of refuge.

Not the least curious feature of these unique rocks of Meteora are the holes and caves which literally pepper the face of the cliffs in places.

In many cases these retreats of the hermits of St. Anthony are merely cages. At a distance they look, some of them, like big birdcages hung up against the face of the cliff. As dwellings they are all exceedingly primitive.

The Thessalian hermit did not ask much of life. A rocky floor to lie on, bars or railings to keep him from falling out of his hole, a shaky ladder down which he might now and then descend to earth and a basket and string to let down for supplies were all he needed in addition to his crucifix and other religious necessities.

These aerial caves were occupied in the fourteenth century. Thousands of hermits, judging from the remains of habitations, must at one time or another have sought refuge in these cliffs. Few of them can now be entered, for the ladders have for the most part fallen away.

Seemingly the way a hermit proceeded was to choose a hole that took his fancy. Up to this he ran a ladder. Then, driving poles into the rock before the cave, he built out a little platform. This he roofed in and surrounded with a wall made of sticks or dried grass. From one platform to another these anchorites ran up their ladders until the whole face of the rock was alive with these hermits of St. Anthony.

After the time honored fashion of religious recluses, the cliff dwelling hermits of St. Anthony depended wholly on charity for their sustenance. Far up in their airy caves they spent their days and nights in prayer and contemplation. When hungry or thirsty, they let down their baskets to the ground, and when these were filled they pulled them up again.

The devout people of Kalibaki believed that these hermits were a special charge upon them and kept them well supplied with bread and water. Every morning men, women and children could be seen tramping to the cliffs to fill the baskets that were let down by the strings from above. And so the hermits were able to live their quiet, lazy lives without a single worldly care.—New York World.

An Opinion of Conkling.

The Rev. H. S. Haweis expresses this uncomplimentary opinion of the late Roscoe Conkling in his book of travels, lately published: "At Bigelow House in New York I dined with Conkling, the crack lawyer, talker and, I should say, characteristic windbag of the period. * * * Conkling seemed to me an insufferably vulgar, loud, clever person—utterly conceited and self centered. * * * Conkling talked through you and over you and all around you and quoted poetry whether you wanted to hear it or not and answered his own riddles and asked questions which he never meant you to answer, being of the nature of Cicero's rhetorical inquiries in the Verrine and Cataline orations. I can recollect nothing that Conkling said—only the abiding flavor of his arrogance and conceit."

Drithel.

A drink called drithel is popular in the north of England. The cotton hands of Manchester and the factory workers get through nearly 10,000,000 pints of this stuff every year. It is made from hops, hemlock rott, parsley and clove and is one of the most dangerous liquors ever brewed. The northern counties pay about $75,000 a year for the output of drithel.

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In a Colorado mining town an interesting combination was recently observed which a little ingenuity might have converted into a considerable source of power. Within 20 feet of each other were two springs, one of a temperature of nearly 200 degrees F. and the other not over 60, the flow of each being very uniform and the temperature quite constant. The theoretical efficiency might readily be determined from the well known law of thermodynamics, and the use of one stream to vaporize and the other to condense some volatile liquid, such as ammonia or bisulphide of carbon, might enable a fair percentage of the energy to be utilized which is now running to waste.—Cassier's Magazine.

She Had a Reason.

"I don't believe Sallie can know that rich old Brown or she'd never marry him in spite of all his money."

"Why not?"

"He has such a violent temper."

"Oh, that's all right. That's why she has been giving so much time to gymnasium work lately."—Chicago Post.

Strikes occurred centuries ago, and their outcome was just as disastrous as is that of the present day work struggles. In the year 1329, says an old paper, a strike of brassworkers was initiated in Breslau, Silesia, which lasted a year.

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